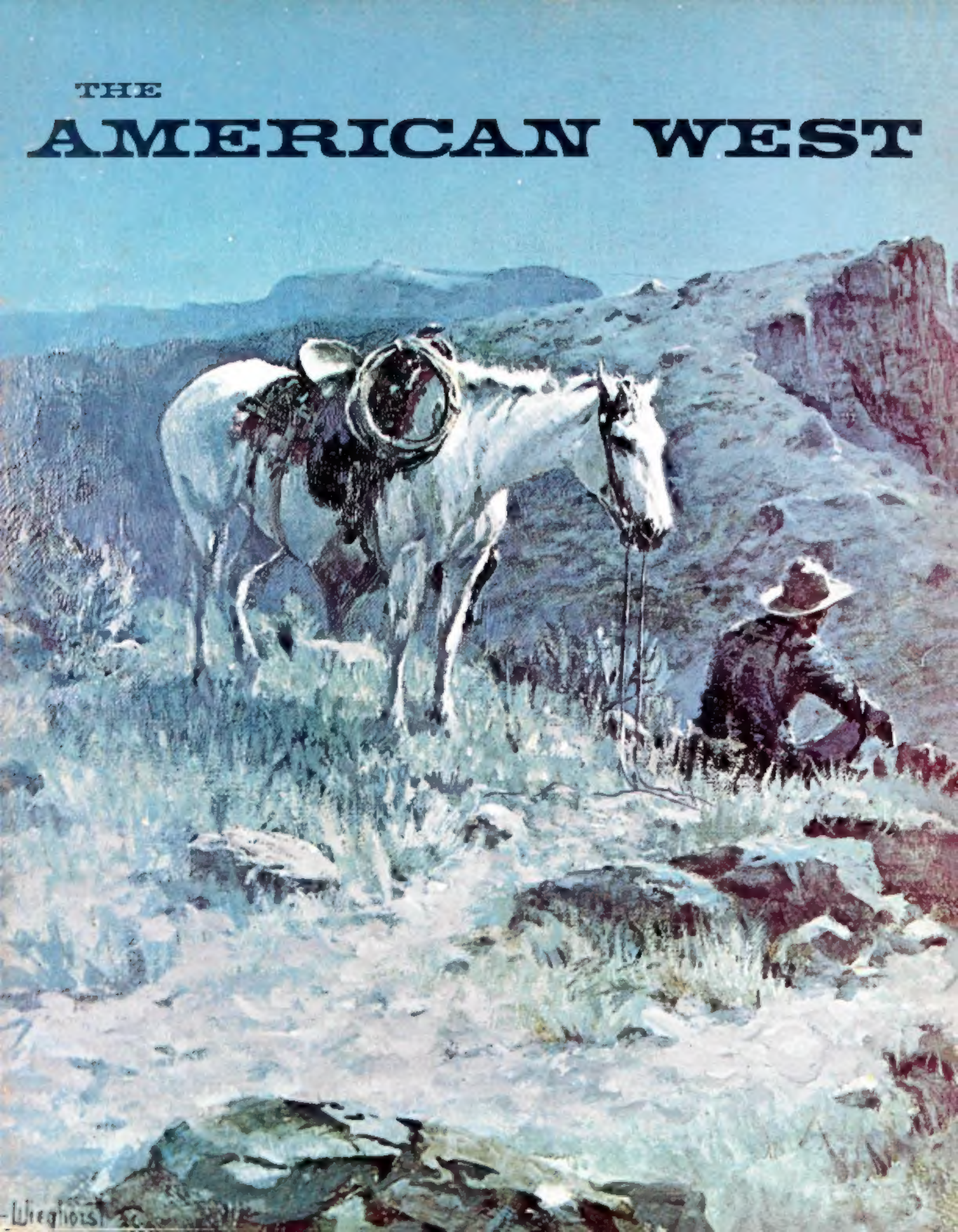
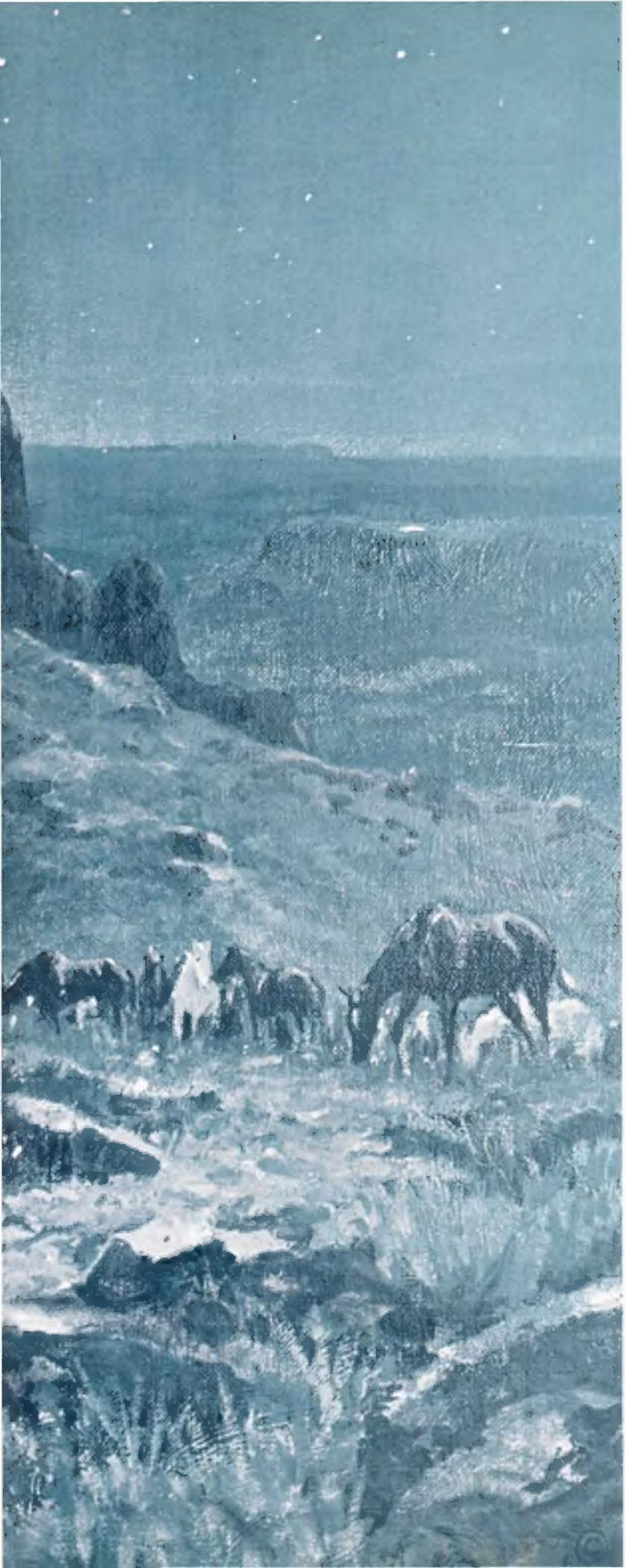
THE AMERICAN WEST





THE LONE WRANGLER, *by Olaf Wieghorst.*
The original is in the collection of
Earl C. Adams, San Marino, California.

THE

AMERICAN WEST

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THE AMERICAN WEST

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Deserted house with a shake roof in Rocky Bar, Idaho, 1960. From TODD WEBB PHOTOGRAPHS: EARLY WESTERN TRAILS AND SOME GHOST TOWNS, *Amon Carter Museum, 1965. (See "Western Books" section of this issue)*

Requiem for the Federation

Between 1894 and 1904 the Western Federation of Miners challenged the power of organized capital in one of the most violent confrontations in the history of the Rocky Mountain West. It was class warfare, as ideological as it was

The Western Federation of Miners was born of necessity. In the thirty-four years between 1859 and 1893, mining in the Rocky Mountain West had become an industry of formidable dimensions, complete with absentee ownership, the peculiar convolutions of corporation finance, and a massive labor force. As the workingman in the industrialized East had organized to resist the grinding exploitation of a factory civilization, so the hard-rock miner of the West saw in unionism his only hope for escaping a game for which there were no apparent rules—and, for him, no rewards.

Certainly, the life itself offered few rewards. For his $3.00 a day (a wage which remained substantially the same between 1876 and 1906, while the national wage scale was increasing some 30 percent) the miner worked, worked brutally for eight, ten, or twelve hours a day, the hours varying from camp to camp. Even with the use of dynamite, machine drills (so heavy and unwieldy that they became known as "widowmakers"), and steam-hoisting machinery, the task of getting ore out of a mine was essentially a contest between the muscle of men and the solid inertia of rock—breaking the ore into fragments, loading it, transporting it underground, hoisting it vertically from depths which reached hundreds and even thousands of feet, and reloading it on the surface for transporting to mills and smelters. Some indication of the sheer labor involved in such a process is revealed by the bald statement of one hard-rock miner that the normal day's work of a swamper, who loaded and unloaded the broken ore, consisted of handling some thirty-five tons of rock.

The hard-rock miner labored at his job, and he did so under the constant shadow of danger, a danger compounded by the fact that there were few state or federal laws which compelled mine owners and operators to adhere to safety standards. Accidents were common, and an accident in a subsurface mountain mine was often synonymous with death or disablement. A man could slam his drill point into the cap of a forgotten stick of unexploded dynamite; he could fall from a rotted shaft ladder or be plunged to the bottom of a shaft by the failure of a worn and overworked steam hoist or frayed cable; he could be mangled by a careening ore wagon or crushed by falling rock because of inadequate timbering. "No accident of any kind," one observer reported, "is so much feared or is more terrible than a great fire in a large mine. . . . A large mine in which are employed from five hundred to one thousand men is of itself a considerable village . . . it contains millions on millions of square feet of timber—in it whole forests have found a tomb." Less suddenly, but no less decisively, a man could succumb to any one of a variety of pulmonary

physical. For the federation, it began in desperate hope in the mining camp of Cripple Creek, Colorado, and ended in despair in that same camp ten years later — a final, bitter conflict in which twenty men and a union would die.

by T. H. Watkins

diseases peculiar to the industry, his lungs sandpapered away by an accumulation of rock dust, filled with the fluids of pneumonia, or weakened by pleurisy and asthma.

For such work and such dangers even the standard $3.00 a day was little enough compensation, particularly for the miner with a family. When wages fell below that standard, as they did in the Leadville, Colorado, of the midnineties, life was nearly desperate:

> This camp is 65 percent of married men with families, and they are going from bad to worse. It is simply a case of existence. By working thirty days in a month they can earn only $75. It will cost them $65 a month to exist.... Should they have any sickness in their families, it simply makes dishonest men out of honest ones, for . . . men do not work over 24 shifts to 28 shifts a month, through sickness or something.

(To the outrage of mine owners and operators, one method employed by miners to supplement their income was to smuggle home bits and pieces of ore in lunch pails or tucked away in the folds of their clothing.) This, essentially, was the life of the hard-rock miner.

No stopgap on the way to immeasurable wealth, mining for wages was a job for life. Swedes and Finns, Italians and Cornishmen ("Cousin Jacks"), the ubiquitous Irish, and the Anglo-Saxon Protestant American turned to unionism for the dignity of controlling some segment of their working lives. "The movement was a recognition of the creation of a definite class of working miners," historian Vernon H. Jensen has written, "a recognition that workers would likely continue as workers and that they were being used by others in a way that made it impossible for them as individuals to protect themselves."

That some kind of protection was needed had been recognized as early as 1863 when the first miners' union in the West was formed in Virginia City, Nevada, and during the next several years similar local unions erupted from Globe, Arizona (1884), to the Coeur d'Alenes of Idaho (1889). Such unions, while loosely affiliated with the Knights of Labor, were purely autonomous in structure and financially anemic. The strike was their only weapon, but unallied with any kind of large-scale financial backing, it was a weapon incapable of long resisting the power of mine owners and operators, particularly when that power was almost invariably sup-

ported by the military and legislative forces of the states. Unions which had challenged this power, as in the Leadville of 1880 or the Coeur d'Alenes of 1892, were crushed. Organization on a broader, more significant scale was needed, and in the spring of 1893 forty representatives from fifteen individual miners' unions gathered behind closed doors in the Miners Union Hall of Butte, Montana. When they emerged several hours later, they had created a new union, the Western Federation of Miners, with the stated purpose "of securing by education and organization, and wise legislation, a just compensation for our labor and the right to use our earnings free from dictation by any person whatsoever." In time, the goals of the new organization would expand far beyond such modest ambitions.

Hardly had the new union begun its operations when the mountain West was stricken with disaster. In October of 1893 the Congress of the United States repealed the purchase provisions of the Sherman Silver Purchase Act of 1890. This act had required the federal government to purchase 4.5 million ounces of silver per month, nearly the total production of the country at the time. For some three years the silver camps of the West had been blessed with what amounted to a federal subsidy, and they greeted its repeal with howls of outrage and despair. The despair was perhaps justified, for the country was plunged into a panic which saw the failure of 580 banks and sixteen thousand businesses. Hardest hit of all were those states whose economies had been geared to the production of silver. Mines, mills, and smelters all over the West failed, and hundreds of suddenly unemployed miners streamed into Cripple Creek, Colorado, a gold camp flourishing in a desert of failures. And with them came the tenets of the Western Federation of Miners.

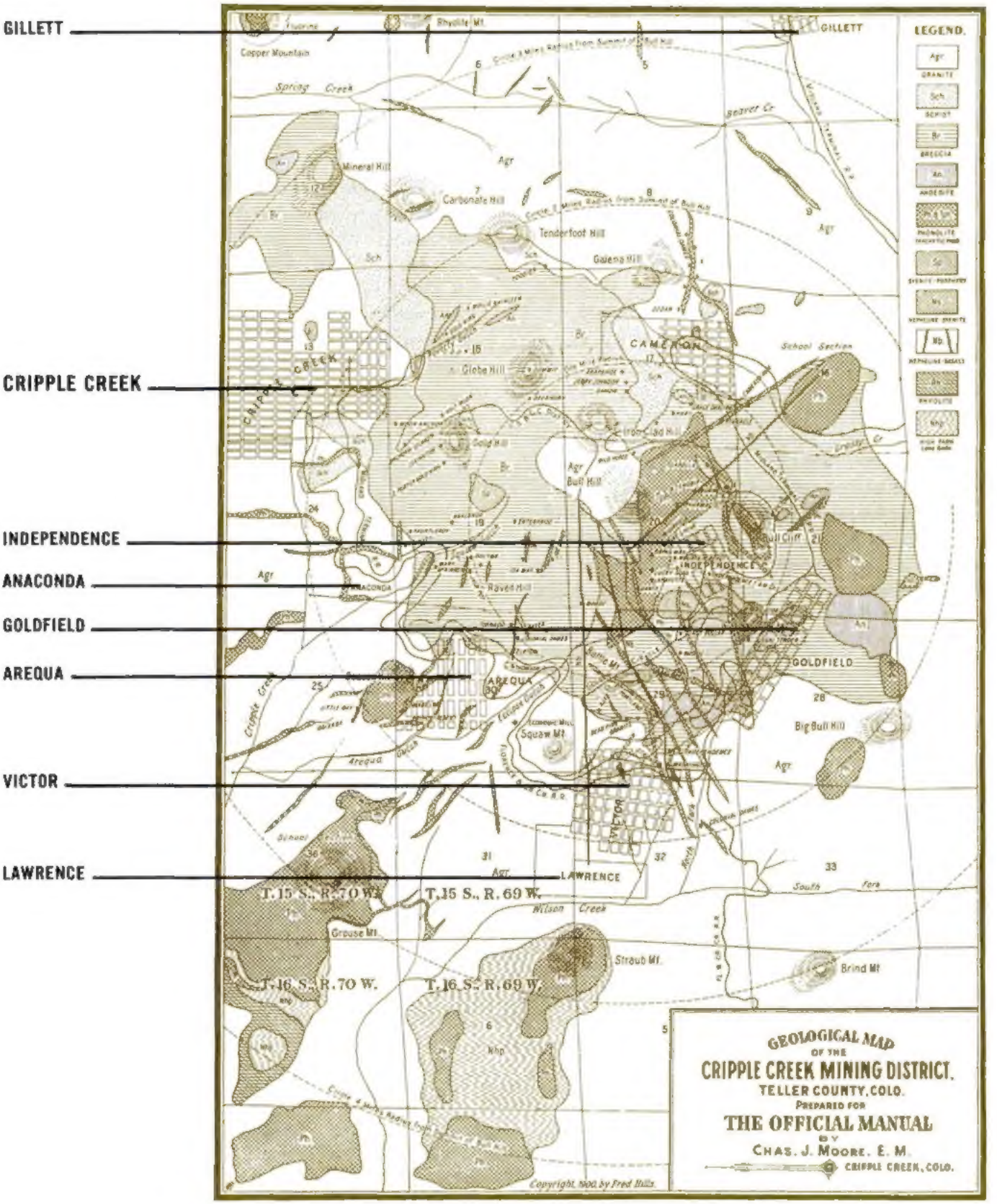
The Cripple Creek mining district of 1893 was already so enormously rich that it seemed single-handedly to justify the dreams of Golconda which had prodded men westward since the time of Coronado. Founded in 1892 in the last gold rush to the mountains of Colorado, the primitive little boom town of Cripple Creek had evolved into a brick, board and tar-paper metropolis, with a population of five thousand, a public water system, electric lights, a score of restaurants, and the narrow-gauge Florence and Cripple Creek Railroad. Around the town itself had erupted a rash of municipalities, camps, mines, mills, and smelters which comprised the Cripple Creek mining district, compressed into sixteen square miles on the high edge of timberline just south of Pikes Peak. This industrial complex had produced over $2.5 million worth of gold in two years, and would make millionaires of William F. Stratton, James F. Burns, W. S. Montgomery, and J. Maurice Finn.

The district had grown so fast, in fact, that there was very little uniformity among the mine owners as to working conditions or hours. Some mines worked ten-hour shifts, some eight—but all paid the standard $3.00 per day. The sudden influx of a large, rootless, and apparently unorganized contingent of refugees from the silver mines was a temptation some owners simply could not resist. The mines working an eight-hour day ordered a fifty-cent cut in wages in January of 1894. The miners met this move by holding a mass meeting and declaring a strike against those mines which had ordered the cut. The action was spontaneous and only loosely organized, characteristics which would mark the entire five-month strike. It was an almost instinctive frontier reaction against a sudden threat, but the strike clarified the necessity for concerted action; it would prove to be a fruitful breeding ground for the Western Federation of Miners.

If the strikers were loosely organized, so were their antagonists. A mine owners' association was quickly formed, and Sheriff E. M. Bowers, whose sympathies lay with the mine owners, enlisted a number of deputies, but these actions were improvisations; the mine owners and their allies had not yet had much experience in resisting strikes. Bowers, however, showed that his instincts lay in the right direction. When several of his deputies were beaten in March, he requested Governor Davis H. Waite to send state troops to quell what had so far been a minimum of violence. It was the right idea, but the wrong time and the wrong administration.

Davis H. Waite was a former miner, a Populist elected by the interests of free silver and the active support of labor. He was, in the context of his time, a liberal and was sympathetic to the striking miners in Cripple Creek. He sent the militia under the command of Adjutant General Brooks to Cripple Creek, but it proved to be less help than Bowers had hoped. "I told Sheriff Bowers," General Brooks said, "that the troops were there at his solicitation, but only in aid of the civil authority in the service of process. . . ." When Bowers was unable to make any arrests stick or prove that violence was imminent, the troops were withdrawn.

On May 10 the mine owners announced that they would employ strikebreakers. Bowers, correctly assum-


GILLETT
CRIPPLE CREEK
INDEPENDENCE
ANACONDA
GOLDFIELD
AREQUA
VICTOR
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LEGEND.
GILLETT
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VICTOR
LAWRENCE
T.15 S., R.70 W.
T.15 S., R.69 W.
T.16 S., R.70 W.
T.16 S., R.69 W.
Copper Mountain
Rhyolite Mt.
Spring Creek
Mineral Hill
Carbonate Hill
Tenderfoot Hill
Galena Hill
Globe Hill
Gold Hill
Iron Hill
Bull Hill
Raven Hill
Squaw Mt.
Big Bull Hill
Bull Cliff
Grouse Mt.
Straub Mt.
Brind Mt.
Wilson Creek
Arequa Gulch
Cripple Creek
Secret Cr.
Greely Cr.
Copyright, 1900, by Fred Hills
GEOLOGICAL MAP
OF THE
CRIPPLE CREEK MINING DISTRICT,
TELLER COUNTY, COLO.
PREPARED FOR
THE OFFICIAL MANUAL
BY
CHAS. J. MOORE, E. M.
CRIPPLE CREEK, COLO.

ing that he would receive little aid from the governor, enlisted some twelve hundred additional deputies to meet the expected outrage of the striking miners. Rather than see strikebreakers taking over their jobs, the miners armed themselves and took possession of the Strong mine on Bull Hill. On the twenty-fifth, Bowers and his deputies made a half-hearted attempt to recapture the property, but were repulsed. One miner was killed.

Waite proclaimed Bowers' deputy force to be illegal, and met with the miners himself on Bull Hill. They made him their sole arbiter in the dispute, and on June 4 he concluded an agreement with the mine owners which stipulated an eight-hour day at the standard wage of $3.00, a policy of nondiscrimination against union men, and, in effect, established the Western Federation of Miners as the recognized bargaining agent for the miners in the district. Still, Bowers refused to disband his deputy force. The miners were reluctant to leave Bull Hill under these circumstances, and it was not until Waite sent state troops on June 8 to force Bowers to comply with his orders that the impasse was ended.

The strike was a nearly unqualified victory for the miners. In an atmosphere of celebration, federation locals sprang up all over the district, in Cripple Creek, Victor, Goldfield, Independence, Anaconda, Altman, Gillett, Mound City, Arequa, and Lawrence. District Union #1 was established with representatives from all locals. Organization was tight and financially healthy. The federation buried deep roots in Cripple Creek, and for the next ten years its power in the district would go all but unchallenged. In the rest of the mining West, fate would not be so kind.

In 1896 the federation reached the first turning point in its short career. In that year, it lost its first strike and gained a leader whose militancy would change the very nature of the union.

For two years, the federation had devoted its energies to proselytization. Membership had accelerated far beyond the ten thousand with which it had begun (it would reach a peak of fifty thousand in 1903) as locals were organized all over the mining West. One such local was established in Leadville, Colorado, in 1895, and it was here that the federation initiated, organized, and fought its first official strike in 1896—and lost.

The Populist wave which had brought Davis H. Waite to the governorship of Colorado had dissipated, and the new governor, Republican A. W. McIntire, was no friend to organized labor. When federation officials demanded that mine owners in Leadville adhere to a $3.00, eight-hour day and struck those who refused, the Leadville Mine Owners Association ordered a general lockout and requested state troops to suppress the strikers. Governor McIntire sent the troops readily, declared martial law, and otherwise so enthusiastically supported the mine owners that the strikers were forced to return to work on the employers' terms in February of 1897. The actions of the governor engendered a bitterness which would hound the federation for the rest of its life.

That bitterness found an eloquent spokesman in Edward Boyce, who had been elected president of the federation at the annual convention of 1896. After the failure of the Leadville strike, Boyce uttered a speech which would be seized upon time after time for propaganda purposes by mine owners and operators:

> Every union should have a rifle club. I strongly advise you to provide every member with the latest improved rifle. . . . I entreat you to take action on this important question, so that in two years we can hear the inspiring music of the martial tread of 25,000 armed men in the ranks of labor.

To the ears of established society, such sentiments meant the initiation of class warfare, a conclusion further solidified when the annual conventions of the federation were careful to include resolutions declaring their affection for the goals and beliefs of the Socialist Labor party.

The ordinary workingman, of course, has traditionally been less interested in ideology than in the more practical matters of wages, hours, and working conditions. There were cautious elements in the ranks of the federation (as far as is known, no such thing as a "rifle club" was ever established in any local union), but these elements would not truly be a dominant power for another ten years. With the advent of Boyce as president, the leadership of the federation became militantly socialistic and remained so until the last, spasmodic struggle. It was leadership incapable of compromise; it would give the membership many eloquent words but no victories, and would in the end lead them down the path to total defeat.

One of the federation's first moves had been on a legislative front, initiating a war which was fought on a less violent, but no less bitter, level. In 1895 organized labor in Colorado (for all intents and purposes, the federation *was* organized labor in Colorado) managed to get a bill introduced in the state legislature which estab-

lished an eight-hour day for all mine, mill, and smelter employees. The legislators sent the bill to the state supreme court for comment. It was declared unconstitutional. A bill introduced later was quickly tabled and conveniently forgotten. In 1899 an eight-hour law patterned after a Utah statute of 1896, which had been cleared by the United States Supreme Court, was introduced. The Colorado State Supreme Court declared it unconstitutional, in effect reversing the judgment of the United States Supreme Court. Organized labor tried another tack. In the general election of 1902 a constitutional amendment allowing the formation of an eight-hour law was passed by a majority of 46,714. Mine, mill, and smelter owners so effectively opposed such a law, however, that the state legislature allowed proposed bills to bog down in a welter of amendments and counter-amendments. Only one significantly watered-down bill ever made it out of this legislative morass, and *that* was declared unconstitutional by Attorney General Nathan C. Miller. "The reign of justice has passed away," the federation cried in frustration.

The federation suffered more than legislative frustration in the years between 1896 and 1903, however. The pattern of defeat established by the Leadville strike of 1896-97 was repeated in Wardner, Idaho, in 1897; in Lake City, Colorado, and the Coeur d'Alenes of Idaho in 1899; and in Telluride, Colorado, in 1901. In each of these skirmishes, the federation found the alliance between employers and state governments to be a ruinously formidable combination. And each defeat nourished the desperate aggressiveness of the federation's leadership. At the convention of 1900, Edward Boyce was reelected president, and William D. ("Big Bill") Haywood became the new secretary-treasurer. Haywood, a one-eyed bull of a man whose militancy more than matched that of Boyce, had risen through the ranks of the federation local in Silver City, Idaho, and would remain one of the most dominant voices in the federation's leadership until his expulsion in 1908. His influence was felt almost immediately. Not only was he instrumental in having the federation headquarters moved from Butte to Denver, which was considered a more central location to the mining industry, but he also helped weld the federation more solidly to the ranks of social-

"Big Bill" Haywood in a workaday pose. Militant and inflexible, he would lead his union down to final defeat.

FRED AND JO MAZZULLA

Cripple Creek in 1900. Perhaps symbolically, Mt. Pisgah, looms above the town like the cone of a dormant volcano.

FRED AND JO MAZZULLA

ism, as he reported in his autobiography:

> The 1901 convention was held in Denver. We had Eugene V. Debs . . . present. . . . Debs was already well known to the delegates, as he had helped the W.F.M. as a speaker and organizer when the Cloud City Miners' union [Leadville] had been on strike in 1896. . . . Debs was then a Socialist of some years' standing, and Boyce and I had joined the Socialist Party in Denver that year. . . . The principles of socialism were adopted and a vigorous campaign of education was advocated at this convention of W.F.M. We were to form a bureau of education and our first move in the educational line was to arrange meetings for Debs . . . through the mining regions.

Edward Boyce stepped down from the presidency at the convention of 1901. The man elected to his place was Charles H. Moyer, whose own words established him as being no less a Socialist than either Boyce or Haywood: "The Western Federation of Miners," he said, "will not pause in the determined effort to bring about . . . change in our social and economic conditions as will result in a complete revolution of the present system of industrial slavery."

As the union's militancy increased, a strong current of reaction began to develop, bolstered by events on a national level. In 1902 D. M. Barry, president of the National Association of Manufacturers, publicly assailed the concepts, goals, and ideals of organized labor, an attack which helped engender a wave of antiunion sentiment across the country. In Colorado, where the federation was rapidly becoming most active, this sentiment was reflected in the formation of the Colorado Mine Owners Association, one of whose openly stated aims was the suppression of labor unions in the state. In Denver, a Citizens Alliance was formed, whose goals were even more specific: "Labor conditions in Colorado are openly socialistic. The Western Federation of Miners, or as I should call it, 'The Western Federation of Murderers,' is full of socialist agitators. . . . The Western Federation must go."

The reaction of the federation to such attacks was prophetic: ". . . corporate wealth, backed and supported by all the awe and intimidation concentrated in the machinery of military power, is to be used in crushing the rebellion of organized labor against the invasion of solidified commercialism."

Cripple Creek invaded, September 21, 1903. Soldiers and the snout of a Gatling gun guard a suddenly empty street.

FRED AND JO MAZZULLA

The splendiferous General Bell, dubbed "The Little Tin God on Wheels" by those unimpressed by all the braid.

BANCROFT LIBRARY

Behind all the ritualistic slogans lay a large measure of truth. Pressures were building to a climax; that it should come in the one camp where the federation's power was unchallenged remains one of the sad paradoxes of the union's story.

In the Cripple Creek of 1903, the rich grew richer and the federation flourished. The mine owners and operators of the district had been content for the past nine years to abide by the agreement of 1894—a tolerance probably inspired by the continued richness and seeming inexhaustibility of the Cripple Creek mines. The ore produced during 1902, for example, had been assessed at a total value of more than $24 million (total ore production between 1891 and 1902 topped $100 million). Cripple Creek possessed not only a population of over fifty thousand persons and four railroads but also some thirty certifiable millionaires. It was one of the great gold camps of the world, and no mine owner was anxious to stem the flow of wealth.

Nor was the federation particularly unhappy over its position in Cripple Creek. The district was the most tightly organized camp in the Rocky Mountains. Wages were as high as any, conditions were adequate, and a general atmosphere of prosperity prevailed. Contributing to the federation's comfortable position in Cripple Creek was the fact that the union was the dominant power in local politics. In 1899 Teller County had been created with Cripple Creek as the county seat. As a result, the single most influential bloc of votes was that composed of federation members and those sympathetic to it. The union controlled the majority of county and municipal elective and appointive offices. The county sheriff, H. M. Robertson, was a union man, as was the undersheriff, the county coroner, the county assessor, the county clerk, and several members of the coroner's jury and the county grand jury. In addition, union men served as aldermen, marshals, justices of the peace, constables, and fire department officials in the various towns of the district. "Thus there came the formation of a Little Mining Monarchy," Benjamin M. Rastall reported satirically in *The Labor History of the Cripple Creek District* (1908), "shut off from the rest of the world by a high mountain range . . . its industrial life centered in mining: with its own separate political organization, the power in the hands of miners. . . ." Rastall was not the most impartial of observers, but he indicated admirably the smugness with which the federation in Cripple Creek was wont to view its power. How transient that power was in reality would be dimly perceived for the first time in August of 1903.

Early in the month, Smelter Workers Union #125, a subsidiary of the federation in Colorado City (evocatively described by William D. Haywood as a "forlorn little industrial town of tents, tin houses, huts and hovels . . ."), declared a strike against the Standard mill of the United States Refining and Reduction Company. The federation had been sparring for months with the mill's manager, H. M. McNeill, a bitterly antiunion man, and, when he refused to negotiate, Moyer and Haywood demanded that mines in the Cripple Creek district cease sending ore to the Standard mill for processing, or face a general strike.

It was an obvious power move, and one which had worked well enough earlier that year. But the recently resurrected Cripple Creek Mine Owners and Operators Association (which had been inactive during the past nine years) envious of, and alarmed by, the federation's power in Cripple Creek and encouraged by the growing antifederation sentiment in the state, thought it time to exercise a little muscle of its own. The association refused the union's demand, and on August 8 District Union #1 ordered 3552 men off their jobs.

On August 15 Moyer and Haywood addressed a large picnic crowd. "A small percent of the press has been clamoring that this is a sympathetic strike," Moyer shouted. "This I most emphatically deny! It is a strike of the Western Federation of Miners. The mill men are part of the Federation, and to deny them support at this time is the same as denying one of the unions here support. . . ." Haywood's salutation displayed a typical bravado: "Ladies and gentlemen, Brothers of the Western Federation of Miners . . . Members of the Mine Owners Association, and Pinkerton Detectives. . . ."

The Mine Owners and Operators Association responded in a more practical manner: "The fact that there are no grievances to adjust and no unsatisfactory conditions to remedy leaves the mine operators but one alternative. . . . As fast as men can be secured, our mining operations will be resumed under former conditions. . . ." The El Paso mine returned to production on August 18, erecting a ten-foot fence around its property and deploying seventeen armed guards to protect the workers. Others followed, but the ranks of the mine owners were not completely closed. On August 22 the Portland Gold

Mining Company came to a settlement with the union, reemploying nearly five hundred union men and winning the affection of the federation. The company would eventually be made to pay for such treason.

On August 27 a Citizens Alliance was formed, a semivigilante organization dedicated to the interests of the mine owners (its president, C. C. Hamlin, was also secretary of the Mine Owners and Operators Association). At the suggestion of the alliance, merchants in the district refused to supply striking miners and their families with credit, and union-managed stores were opened in Cripple Creek, Anaconda, and Victor to fill the gap. Conditions, while tense, had been so far remarkably smooth. They began deteriorating rapidly.

On August 29 the shaft house of the Sunset Eclipse mine was burned. On September 1 a union man was arrested for brandishing a pistol, and a nonunion timberman for the Golden Cycle mine was beaten and shot. On September 2 a guard at the El Paso mine was shot at by three men, identities unknown. The Citizens Alliance and the Mine Owners and Operators Association did not wait upon action by Sheriff Robertson, telegraphing Governor Peabody in Denver on the morning of September 2:

> Sir: A condition has arisen within the Cripple Creek Mining District which constrains us to call upon you for the State Troops . . . unless you grant us the protection asked this condition will be continued and a reign of terror inaugurated in the district which will result in great loss of both life and property.

Peabody, an ex-banker sympathetic to the association's point of view, but burdened by irresolution, moved ponderously. On September 3 he sent a special three-man commission to investigate the situation. The "investigation" was brief to the point of absurdity, as reported by the *Rocky Mountain News*:

> The commissioners arrived at Victor last night at 9:30 and were met at the train by a committee from the Mine Owners Association. After a consultation of about one hour the commissioners came to Cripple Creek, arriving here at 11:40. They were met at the depot and taken to the Mine Owners Association headquarters. One hour later Sheriff Robertson was notified that he was wanted, and remained in conference for about two hours

"I stated to the commission," Robertson later explained, "that I had authority to employ all the deputies I needed and that I had the situation in hand. . . ."

The commission was not convinced. It wired Governor Peabody that troops were needed immediately. A timely suggestion overcame what remained of the governor's reluctance, according to the Denver *Post* of September 5: "Members of the Cripple Creek District Mine Owners Association guaranteed the expenses of the troops ordered to the Cripple Creek district before Governor Peabody would agree to sign the order." This fiduciary obstacle surmounted, the governor acted with unaccustomed vigor, ordering Adjutant General Sherman Bell to proceed to the Cripple Creek district with one thousand troops. Bell, a humorless martinet who had first reached fame as a member of Roosevelt's Rough Riders, "was affected with the same megalomania as his commander," according to Haywood. "He even had a habit of strutting around with his hand in the breast of his coat, like Napoleon." Bell and the troops left Denver the evening of September 5 and bivouacked on Battle Mountain near Goldfield in the hours before dawn. The citizens of the district awoke next morning to find six hundred infantry, two hundred fifty cavalry, seventy-five artillery, and eighty signal- and medical-corps soldiers encamped among them.

"I came to do up this damned anarchistic Federation," Bell stated, but for the first few days he did little to contradict the words of assurance from Governor Peabody in Denver: "Martial law has not been established in Cripple Creek, and it will not be. All that General Bell is supposed to do is to assist the civil authorities. . . ." Trundling Gatling guns through the streets and transporting a searchlight from peak to peak on successive nights to shine into the towns of the district were activities which soon palled for a man of Bell's activist leanings. On September 10 he began to "assist" the local authorities. He arrested five men for threatening his troops, and these five became the first members of the bullpen at Camp Goldfield. ("Bullpen," it should be explained, refers to any sort of structure in which striking miners were incarcerated. The term and the practice first came to the Rocky Mountain West during the Coeur d'Alene strike of 1892.)

On the twelfth and fourteenth, three more arrests were made on similar grounds, those arrested including the justice of the peace in Independence, and the chairman of the board of county commissioners. Governor Peabody felt compelled to issue another statement: "There is no martial law in Cripple Creek and there

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Nebraska's Homemade Windmills

*

by Donald F. Danker

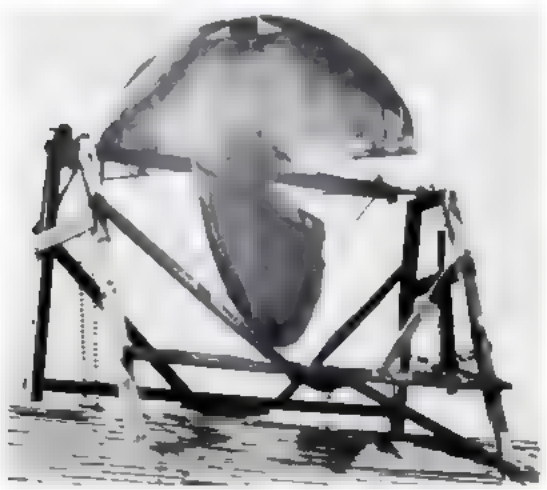
During the summer of 1897 three University of Nebraska students equipped with teams, saddle horses, camp wagons, and cameras made a round trip from Lincoln to Denver, following the south side of the Platte River on the way out and the north side on the return. They had been sent by Erwin Hinckley Barbour, distinguished professor at the university and state geologist, to photograph and study the homemade windmills which dotted the Platte River Valley. Barbour used the results of the trip and his own investigations to produce several publications including **Wells and Windmills in Nebraska,** U. S. Geological Survey Water Supply Paper, No. 29 (Washington, 1899) and **The Homemade Windmills of Nebraska,** Bulletin 59 of the U. S. Agricultural Experiment Station of Nebraska (Lincoln, 1899). Barbour reported, "Nebraska seems to be the heart and center of the wind mill movement. The famous Platte Valley, with its broad expanse and shallow wells, is a veritable windmill arena." ¶ The research revealed that Nebraska farmers were continuing to adjust to plains environment. In the matter of homemade windmills, the adjustment was evidence of ingenuity and thrift. Water was as difficult to obtain as the money for manufactured mills. The answer was a homemade mill. Low cost of construction was its chief advantage, for good manufactured mills were available. However, a homemade mill did not always indicate that its owner was poorer than his fellow neighbors. Many such mills were objects of considerble pride. A handsome, well made mill was certain to be copied.

The Travis brothers of Lincoln filled a small irrigation reservoir with an $8.00 jumbo (below). The brothers used coffee sacks for fan sails and installed "cutoffs" or wind guards that could be raised if the wind became too strong. This mill irrigated a five-acre truck garden.

J. L. Brown, proprietor of Midway Nurseries at Kearney, Nebraska, spent only $1.50 in building this little jumbo (right). As evident from the "roasted coffee" on the center fan, Brown used the ends of grocery boxes for some of his material. The mill stood ten feet high, three feet wide, and nine feet long. There were eight fans supported on a gas-pipe axis. The pump stood about six feet from the mill and was powered by a lever.

The mills were conveniences and luxuries as well as necessities They might make possible the flowerbed, strawberry patch, and shrubbery which brought a measure of grace to living ¶ The home made mills, not quite as efficient as shopmade models, usually followed the river valleys where wells were easily dug and the water raised without difficulty, although a few were built on the uplands The mills performed a variety of tasks In western Nebraska they usually pumped water for livestock, and in the central and eastern portion of the state they irrigated gardens, ground grain, sawed wood and operated the churn Their cost varied from $1 50 to about $150. They varied in construction and appearance with the owner's imagination skill, needs, and the building materials available to him ¶ The German farmers around Grand Island favored the Dutch windmill design. In eastern Nebraska the cheap jumbo or ' go devil," which resembled an old fashioned waterwheel, was popular. Another common design was called the battle axe Arms with blades attached whirled in the wind like battle axes chopping through the air The merry-go round resembled its namesake more than it did a windmill. The turbine was similar in appearance to the more sophisticated manufactured mills. ¶ The prairie builders of mills found their materials in the gears cogs, and levers of broken down farm machinery, scrap lumber, canvas from old tarpaulins, packing boxes and even flattened tin cans. They took their patterns from ingenious neighbors, from manufactured mills, from memories of European mills, and from their own inventive minds ¶ Walter Prescott Webb speaking in Lincoln in 1953 said, "The windmill is like a flag marking the spot where a small victory had been won in the fight for water in an arid land " Nebraska farmers of the nineties recorded many such victories with standards of their own design.

ALL PHOTOS FOR THIS ARTICLE FROM SOLOMON D BUTCHER COLLECTION NEBRASKA STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY



Elmer Jasperson of Ashland built his two-fanned, battle-axe mill on the top of his corn crib. When the mill was turned off, the fans formed a circle with the edge to the wind. In gear, the fans were set obliquely to catch the breeze. They powered a two-hole corn sheller, a feed grinder, and a grindstone Jasperson's unique mill won a prize offered by the Lincoln State Journal for originality in homemade mill construction

The merry-go-round had the potential of unlimited size and power. However, it was relatively expensive and therefore not as popular as cheaper designs. S. S. Videtto of Lancaster County built this merry-go-round (below) on a ridge near Lincoln. The mill was about forty feet in diameter and twelve feet high and ran on a circular steel track. The pump was driven by a tumbling shaft operated by cogwheels. A Grand Island farmer, Henry Boerson, spent $2 00 constructing his turbine mill (right). He used a flywheel and sprocket of an old corn sheller as driving parts. The fans were wired to the sprocket wheel. Three revolutions of the wheel produced two strokes of the pump. Boerson watered sixty head of cattle with the mill.

A large wheel produced more power than a smaller one but ran more risk of destruction from the frequent high winds. J. W. Warner, of Overton, met the problem by mounting a twenty-foot wheel inside a stout tower (above). This giant turbine ran a feed grinder, a grindstone, and drew water from two pumps to which it was connected by a walking beam. It irrigated eight to ten acres of alfalfa and six acres of corn and cost its builder $60. Henry Bormann's Dutch mill (left) was a landmark for travelers on the Burlington and Missouri Railroad in Douglas County. Its six fans caught the wind from the top of Bormann's machine shed. He used thin boards instead of the usual canvas sails because they were easier to install. Most of the parts were acquired from an abandoned grain elevator. Bormann designed the rest and had them cast in Omaha

Cheap but serviceable mills served main street as well as farm. At an Ogallala livery barn (below), an old, broken-down, manufactured mill was made workable by nailing six-inch boards to the bare arms It pumped water for twenty-five horses The Janak brothers, Czech immigrants to Sarpy County, built a steel turbine mill to run the machinery in their blacksmith shop (right). It not only furnished the power for their bellows, drills, and lathes, but also was an obvious advertisement of their skill as blacksmiths. The mill demanded brawn as well as mechanical skill. When the wind changed, one of the Janaks climbed the tower and turned the great wheel by hand

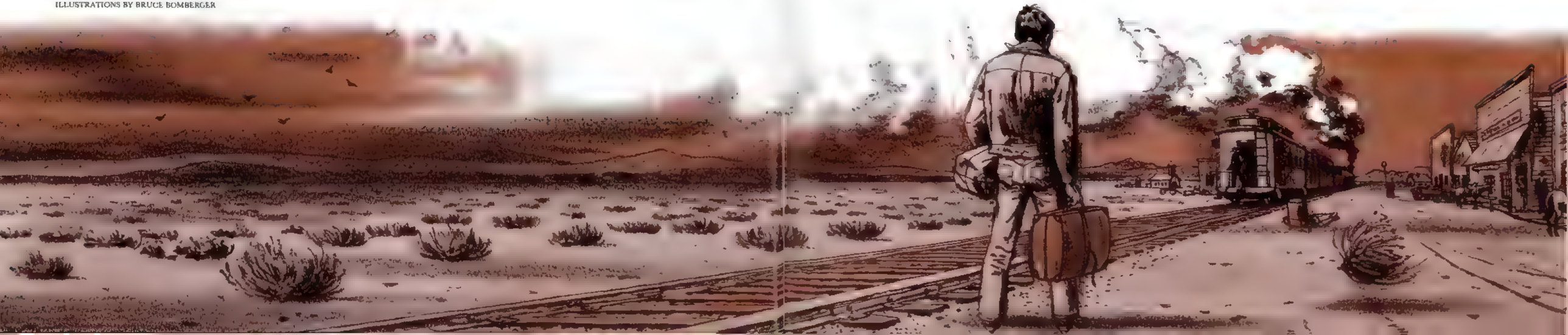
"Frankie and Johnny"

It was long ago and I was at that magical age when each new day was exciting with discovery. The dusty two-coach train that dropped me in the middle of that northern Montana cow country hustled off, the engine elbowing hard in a sprinting effort to get the hell out of there. I looked around. The wide indifferent sky, the treeless distances dwarfed you to nothing. Two hawks swung in wide circles at the end of invisible strings; I had the sagebrush world to myself.

I picked up my cardboard suitcase, crossed a dry ditch and walked up Wolf Creek's single yellow-clay street looking for the Pioneer Trading Post, General Merchandise, where a job — my first — awaited me. Wolf Creek (population 970, saloons 7, whorehouses 5) wore the falling-apart, temporary look of all those northern cow towns; it flanked both sides of the street for a couple of blocks with one-story false-front buildings, sunburnt and wind blasted to a neutral driftwood gray. The saloons, each with a sagging pole tie-rail and a short run of plank sidewalk, had names easy to remember: the Gold Dollar, Eagle, Elkhorn, Silver Dollar, the Roundup. Clusters of cow ponies stood there, heads down, their tails blowing (next page)

by D. H. Edmonds

ILLUSTRATIONS BY BRUCE BOMBERGER



in the wind, patiently drowsing. Cowpunchers drifted from saloon to saloon, shouldering the doors to a chorus of yells. It was September; the fall roundup was finished (I was to learn), shipments loaded in cattle trains, and these hands were getting rid of six months' pay before they would ride back to their home ranches to settle in for a Montana winter.

The "Pioneer Trading Post, Est. 1874, John Archer, Prop.," was a log building with a sod roof where sunflowers grew and which had been enlarged with shed-like warehouses. John Archer, like most of our pioneers, was old and tired and had settled into a habit of silence and wary skepticism; he looked like a neglected old airedale. He had drifted west shortly after the Civil War, hunting buffalo and fighting Indians, married a Sioux squaw, raised a big family that had grown up and wandered off, and now he was alone. He looked me over with a flicker of mildly amused interest, then walked me through the store, explained my duties, and paraded me for his staff of two elderly and unimpressed helpers. "You sleep here," he said, indicating a curtained alcove near the door—a space like a broom closet. There was no running water in Wolf Creek, and I would act as night watch to prevent fire. Then Mr. Archer told me where to find Mrs. Osgood's boardinghouse.

I walked down to the end of the street where a livery stable and a small abandoned church, now occupied by a harnessmaker, marked the farthest reaches of Wolf Creek's improving hand. Beyond, the land rolled in gentle swells to Canada and the Arctic, roadless and unfenced. To the west there were a few boxlike houses that sheltered our citizens, giving the landscape a violated appearance. The perpetual Montana wind tore the thin smoke from the kitchen chimneys and flung it around angrily; a tumbleweed came unstuck and wheeled across the road. Old Indian hunting trails cut the sod here and there like worn footpaths; bleached buffalo skulls lay scattered along the sagebrush. The country offered you nothing. There was no church, library, hospital, electricity, telephone, newspaper, or theater. Radio was hidden in the unguessed future; World War I lay a decade ahead of our innocent world.

Mrs. Osgood's house had a picket fence to keep out stray livestock. Inside it was all chintz and sharp corners, and cheerfully carpeted in a pattern of full-blown roses. Mrs. Osgood looked me over without enthusiasm, taking her time, from the safe ambush behind the blank reflections on the lenses of her spectacles. I suppose she feared I was of an age to eat a lot (correct) but was weighing this against the probability that I wouldn't be fussy about the food. She wore the uniform of the country, a gingham dress in a wallpaper pattern that fell to the tops of her sensible laced shoes. In a rather one-sided discussion of terms, I agreed to pay four dollars a week for my board (out of my salary of forty dollars a month) and to present myself promptly at mealtimes.

With these commercial negotiations behind us, Mrs. Osgood relaxed into her social persona and showed me a photograph of her late husband, Tom Osgood, former proprietor of the Roundup saloon. She took it down and gave it a polite swipe with her apron. The photographer had posed Tom like a man standing in front of a firing squad, erect and rigid in a tight black suit, looking out from under a fall of uncombed hair with the bewildered, uncomprehending, round-eyed stare of the advanced alcoholic. Tom, it appeared, had failed to make it all the way home in a blizzard one night a few years before. "He got as far as the corner of the fence right out there," she said, pointing out the window, "but the storm was so noisy we never heard him. Some folks say Tom drank himself to death. Well, he didn't. He took care of himself; he went and boiled out every April at the hot springs with the boys." We inspected the dining room. "You won't get anything fancy here," she warned me, "but you won't starve, neither." She was right on the first prediction, barely right on the second.

My duties at the Pioneer were simple, as befitted my inexperience. I simply took off my coat and went to work. Those were the days. Wolf Creek served as supply center for the ranches in the area and as a shipping point for their cattle. We sold everything. Coffee came in drums; oatmeal, crackers, molasses, and pickles in barrels; plug tobacco in neat twenty-five-pound flat boxes. We sold hardware, harness, boots, clothing, and a special hyperborean underwear known locally as "bull's wool and oakum."

The ranchers stocked up twice a year, at the spring

and fall roundups. They were impatient of details; they simply handed us their lists and left it to us to fill their wagons, adding anything we thought they might have overlooked, while they visited old friends in a poker game. Prices were not discussed. In the unlikely event of a misunderstanding over an amount, it was settled by the turn of a card over a drink. Mr. Archer gave them unlimited credit, and accounts were settled in September, or put over for another year if there had been a tough winter and the spring roundup was simply a count of frozen animals. As working cowpunchers, those ranchers had started with small herds, without financing, and had battled it out with the weather year after year, never getting rich. In a country generally devoid of landmarks, they could find their way by day or night and knew the location of all water and grass within a hundred miles in any direction, for here the herds roamed free. It was a country where men trusted each other completely or not at all.

My last duty each day was to take down several dozen hanging oil lamps, each with a bright reflector as wide as a lady's garden hat, clean the chimneys, trim the wicks and fill them with kerosene. That first evening, after fixing the lamps, I walked across the street to the Eagle saloon for a little companionship. The place was alive with thirty or forty cowpunchers crowding the bar, a piano providing a continuous background for the noise, split occasionally by the cowpuncher's unforgettable falsetto rebel yell, all in the warm embracing atmosphere of spilled beer and cigar smoke. At the street end of the bar was a cigar counter; it was strictly a whisky, beer, and cigar clientele. A big-shouldered man with a cavalry moustache and a red face leaned on his elbows there quietly watching the action like a referee, relaxed in the assurance that he could handle any man in the place. He was Joe Bradshaw, the proprietor, and that evening, for me, was the beginning of a helpful and edifying friendship.

I laid a dime on the counter. When he noticed me, he handed me a cigar and joined me in a friendly smoke. On the wall behind Joe was a framed photograph of a man dead and laid out on a mortuary slab. "Soapy Smith," the penned caption stated, "after being shot by a posse in Skagway, Alaska." Joe noticed my interest. "I knew that jasper," he said. "He was a real slicker. Yell up a crowd and wrap dollar bills around bars of soap and sell 'em to you for fifty cents. When you unwrapped one you only had the soap. Just enough winners to keep it going. See them black marks on his chest? Them's buckshot holes. That posse wasn't taking any chances."

Like many of our saloonkeepers and bartenders, Joe was an ex-cowpuncher, and like most men in that country he had an easy generosity. About a year later when a situation of personal emergency prompted me to ask him for a loan to finance a trip up the Yellowstone, he handed me the money without hesitation, expressing cheerful interest in my plans. Then he wrapped a quart of whisky in a hand towel and put it in a hand bag with a Colt .45 and shoved it across the bar to me. That was Joe's standard traveling kit. I remembered that first meeting about a year later on the afternoon Joe rode in from Plentygrass, pulled a rifle from his saddle scabbard, and came walking down the street looking for the man who had shot his brother, his boots thumping out interrupted drum beats as he progressed along the alternating plank-and-earthen sidewalk.

We watched the crowd at the bar. It was a closed fraternity that had nothing to share with an outsider. Women never entered our saloons. All born and raised in that northern range country, few of those men could read or write. They were young, tough, and strong and worked hard for their "thirty a month and a horse blanket." They were not notable drinkers. The simple pleasure of this trip to town at roundup time or the Fourth of July was enough to send their spirits soaring. They had an indifference to money amounting to contempt; it was their custom to empty their pockets of silver and throw it over the bar when they were ready to leave town. We listened to them:

"Me and Tom Holland helped Billy Bates move a hundred head of horses clear to the Little Bearpaws before we found out Billy was throwing a long loop. . . ."

"I bought a sack of beaver skins off an Indian on Milk River for six bits. I'll get me a squaw to line my coat. . . ."

"There's a new woman at Laura's place with a face

These recollections of experience in a Montana cow town during the years 1906-9 are precisely true to that experience, that country, that time -as seen and remembered by me. But I must ask the reader one indulgence: that he not seek to identify too closely the people or the place I speak of. The town of "Wolf Creek" is real, but was not its name; its people are exactly as I saw them, but I have changed their names "to protect the innocent," as they say in the movies.

like a nun. Whoo. She rolled Red Hennesy and Hogan from the Diamond like they was sheepherders. Hogan went back and put a gun on her pimp and got his money. Hennesy said the hell with it, it was worth it. . . ."

"The Circle Dot has three outlaws nobody can stay with, even piled Cyclone Hill, old Cyclone looked like a windmill up there. Wait till the Fourth, we'll bring 'em in and let you Turkey Track dudes pull leather."

The room was furnished with card tables, tall brass cuspidors (standard weapons in a fight), a big coal stove, and a piano being played with authority by a small man dressed like the others with a soft stetson, open vest with the yellow string and cardboard disc of his tobacco bag dangling, cotton work shirt, and waist-length overalls over riding boots. "That's Al Yearington," Joe said. "We used to ride together for Frank Arnett."

They liked their piano loud and fast, and Al had a good left hand. "He learned himself how to pick out tunes right here in this saloon," he added admiringly. "Al's got it easy now playing down at Cora Waldron's place." Being the favorite of a madam, which entailed a bit of pimping, carried no particular social stigma; the cowpunchers referred somewhat enviously to old companions who had deserted the saddle for that sybaritic life as "lucky bastards."

We said good night and Joe gave me a friendly salute and a bit of advice. "Don't sit in any poker games. And don't walk around the street tonight." I went to bed in the dark, silent store. My broom closet had an interesting smell of bacon, kerosene, coffee, leather, and an unidentifiable ingredient that I later learned was the dried inner bark of the willow that the Indians smoked and called "kinnikinik." Coyotes howled in the frosty moonlight. Lying there excited and a little scared, too, I made mental calculations of the years I would have to work to save enough money to see me through medical school. Say twenty dollars a month times twelve, two hundred forty times. . . . I slept and woke to a blast of gunfire and the tinkle of broken glass. Some of the cowpunchers had come out of the Eagle and unloaded their guns at the stars, and one of them had put one through our front door just for the hell of it.

In the morning the street looked like the corner of a battlefield after a sharp skirmish. Sleeping cowpunchers lay singly and in clusters along the sidewalk, on the edge of the road, and out by the livery stable. As they awoke during the morning, they washed at the livery watering trough, yelling challenges and insults at each other, then rode off singly and in groups.

It was a delight to watch a working cowpuncher mount his horse; his way of getting from the ground into the saddle was marked with a grace and ease which made the ordinary horseman's efforts to mount appear like a man climbing a fence. Their ponies were small, short coupled, quick, and tough; the men were lean, flat flanked, tough and wiry. They mounted in one continuous, effortless flowing motion.

In sequence, a cowpuncher stood close to his mount's left shoulder, took the reins in his left hand and with that hand grabbed, tightly, a handful of mane about a foot forward from the horn. This action by the left hand was the key to the whole operation; it anchored him to the horse. Then he turned the stirrup with his right hand, stepped into it with his left foot, shoved off with his right, leaning backward toward the horse's head with his upper body in a sort of falling motion, and grabbed the horn with his right hand as the forward motion of the horse lifted and turned him into the saddle. Then he released his grip on the mane. It was the perfection of means.

Once a month the Indians came in from the reservation to spend their government allotments. We kept a fifty-gallon barrel of drinking water, filled daily from the river by the town handyman, with tin dippers handy for the customers. The Indians used it like a water hole. They were Yankton Sioux, part of the tribes that were chased into Canada after the Custer fight on the Little Big Horn. The braves were tall and stood apart in haughty reserve, their hair in thick braids tied with thongs of buckskin. With their boldly thrusting noses and high cheekbones under skin the color of dull copper, their steady alien gaze still held a hint of menace that could send a little shiver up your back. Their chattering squaws were lively, bird eyed, carefree, and crazy about chewing gum. They screamed a lot, like children, and exchanged bawdy comment that made Mr. Archer smile occasionally and interpret for us.

One day he stopped before one with a papoose strapped to her back, his interest caught by a necklace ornament she wore. It was a narrow wooden paddle, whittled from willow and pierced for the woven and beaded buckskin necklace. He spoke to her and lifted it over her head. She watched him intently as he turned it over in his fingers. "You won't see these often," he said, handing it to me. "It's a goose stick. For the kid on her back, to keep track of his age. Every time the wild geese migrate she will cut a notch; when he is old enough she will give it to him. I guess her grandma keeps the old ways." He handed it back and said something that set her off again. He glanced at me and shrugged. "Spoke of twins," he said. "She says if it happens she'll drown one." He looked at her approvingly. "She would, too." They all wore smoke-tanned buckskin and smoked kinnikinik, and when they left, the store smelled like a bonfire for a week

Mrs. Osgood was a frying-pan cook whose heart wasn't in it. At her table, where I came hungry and hopeful with the invincible optimism of youth, I made two friends. One was our doctor, John Collingwood, who was good at fractures and bullet wounds and occasionally would walk along Little Muddy with me shooting teal. When he settled there years before, fresh from a good medical school, he had dutifully worn a cutaway coat and striped trousers as custom demanded--they still hung in his office bedroom--but now he wore the local issue of nonfitting clothes which quickly wrinkled and faded to the local standard protective coloration. Except for size, the clothing of our citizenry was interchangeable. Dr. Collingwood was kind enough to take a helpful interest in my plan to study medicine and suggested a course of preliminary study, providing me with his textbooks. The first was *Gray's Anatomy*—a very thick book. "Begin," he instructed me, with a private smile, "at Chapter 1, and try to memorize what you read."

The other friend was Walter Wingfield, our justice of the peace. He administered the law in Wolf Creek, casually and at times surreptitiously. Actually he had only limited authority. There was a sheriff in the county whom we never saw (the county was bigger than several New England states) and a constable who worked at the Diamond Ranch to keep from starving, so Mr. Wingfield assumed the burden of keeping the peace. Now in late middle age, he was one of those excessively thin men who never seem to tire or fall ill, a bald man of slow decorum, unschooled and given to dull moralizing. People called him "Judge," which pleased him. Like most men in that

country Walter chewed tobacco, but in a refined, furtive way. Trying to live on the meager fees that came his way must have been a trial, but like men of his kind he had a vision to support him. "Some day," he would say against all reason, "this country will open up and boom. Homesteaders will pour in and you'll see this country plowed up all over. I'll be doing a land-office business."

Conversation at Mrs. Osgood's table was dominated by Judge Wingfield, who mixed his monologues with news of our small world. Mrs. Osgood loved it all and hung on every word, standing in the kitchen doorway. At that time, when it was a social disaster for a woman to be seen smoking in public, Mrs. Osgood observed the convention but had sewn a secret tobacco pocket in her petticoat; forgetful in moments of excitement, she would genuflect and come up with her Bull Durham.

"Today," Judge Wingfield told us one evening, "one of the Diamond hands made thirteen straight passes with the dice at the Roundup. Nobody stayed with him; a gutless bunch. Jimmy Scott's squaw left him and went back to the reservation. Jimmy's looking for another. And oh, yes, Johnny Calmet, Kalispell Kate's pimp, shot Scotty Hay, Frank Arnett's wrangler. Met him in the Elkhorn and accused him of cutting him out of Kate's affections. But I guess it was losing Kate's earnings that put the bur under Johnny's saddle blanket. The swamper told me Johnny didn't draw 'till Scotty had a beer glass in his hand. That's the Injun in Calmet, I expect."

"It wasn't a serious wound," Dr. Collingwood said, "but something ought to be done about Calmet. He's a homicidal idiot. I hope you jailed him."

"They ought to shoot the bastard," Mrs. Osgood exclaimed, performing her legerdemain and rolling a cigarette.

"No, I didn't," Judge Wingfield explained. "We owe the Chinaman so much already for jail food that I'd have to pay for feeding him myself. I ordered him to buy Scotty a pair of pants, though. And pay the doctor, too."

I was to see Calmet two years later when John Catlin, prompted by the same sentiments Mrs. Osgood expressed, shot it out with him.

Winter came to that northern Montana country like a white bully, blasting in straight from the Yukon and taking charge overnight. Our circle of movement grew smaller as the snow mounted and temperatures sank to forty below; going to bed we put on more than we took off. Snowbound, we lived like troglodytes or prairie dogs to come out in thin May sunlight blinking at each other like desperate survivors of an Arctic expedition. Shivering through our daily occupations, at night we drifted like strays to the Eagle saloon, seeking the assurance and comfort of the herd.

You found the door where lamplight spilled out on the piled snow and heard Al Yearington putting together some mean new swipes at the piano. One memorable night I heard there that immortal western saloon classic, "Frankie and Johnny." On that night there were the usual drifters leaning on the bar, the regulars playing poker and solo under a low overhang of blue cigar smoke, and the old men who simply rested, enjoying the beneficence of stove heat, cigars and companionship, and talk of their buffalo- and Indian-hunting days. It was the pleasant custom in those days for the bartender to buy drinks for the house at unexpected moments. As we drew near the hot stove, the snow melted on our thick woolen clothes, and we stood around smelling like wet sheep.

The bartender took down his guitar, hooked a chair over and joined Al in some far-reaching harmonizing. Al tired of this, picked up his accordion and, suddenly remote and absorbed, lost himself in an effort to capture some deeper harmony that he alone could hear. His pale, foxy face was completely rapt, big brown freckles showing in the lamplight like flakes of spilled Bull Durham. After treating us to a cascade of melting harmony, Al paused, then pressed the first slow, sad notes of "Frankie and Johnny"; this one he was playing for himself and it came from the heart of the accordion and the pit of his stomach. In any of our saloons when the simple, plaintive notes of that haunting song were heard, the hubbub stilled, men drifted over from the bar, and card players turned in their chairs to attend—eloquent testimony of the spell it cast upon our simple hearts. With a pedigree straight out of a saloon, this was its place, these were its people. Curly Hall, the swamper, knew all the words, and at a nod from Al he stepped into the circle and the story began:

Frankie and Johnny were lovers;
O lordy how they could love,
Swore to be true to each other
True as the stars above.
He was her man, but he done her wrong.

Now Johnny's best friend done told him,
And he had a reason why;
"Don't spend Frankie's money
On that floozy, Annie Bly.
You're Frankie's man, but you're doin' her wrong."

Just like people we all knew—and they were heading for trouble. Frankie gets the word from the bartender at the corner:

"Well I ain't gonna tell you no story,
Ain't gonna tell you no lie;
Your Johnny went by 'bout an hour ago
With a gal called Annie Bly."

The Judas touch, not lost on us, we wanted direct action now, and we got it:

Frankie walked down to the dance hall,
She didn't go there for fun;
'Cause under her red kimono
She toted a forty-four gun.

Red—that was the stuff; the women we dreamed of wore red and trailed clouds of perfume. We were for Frankie to a man: the universal appeal of the woman scorned or cheated. And she didn't let us down:

"Stand aside all you pimps and whores
Or I'll blow you all to hell—"

She hollered and her pistol "went roota-de-toot toot toot." And always here above the hushed lament of the accordion, a note of sadness in the singer's voice:

"Now roll me over easy,
Roll me over slow;
Roll me over easy,
'Cause them bullets hurt me so. . . ."

And so they buried Johnny; with rubber-tired carriage, decorated hacks:

Eleven men went out to that graveyard,
And only ten came back.

There were many versions of the lyrics; one final verse was always demanded in Wolf Creek—ending on a note of expiation:

"O bring on a thousand policemen,
Bring 'em around today;
O lock me in that dungeon
And throw the key away;
I shot my man, 'cause he done me wrong."

The song was finished but we stood around, still held, waiting for something more. Al softly repeated the simple six-note refrain, weaving it in an enchanting series of shifting minor keys. Then that was finished, the spell was broken and we drifted apart, still bemused. Glasses clicked and thumped again on the bar, cigars were relit at the card tables, and we remembered the snow on the street and the long imprisonment of winter.

Summer came with a sun that stunned you and with

two quick shootings that woke the drowsing town and had Judge Wingfield wringing his hands. He came in and sat with John Archer looking for guidance. Joe Bradshaw's brother Frank had been shot by his partner, Dan Wicker, in the Silver Dollar, their saloon. They were both taciturn, short-tempered gamblers; and in a sudden flood of hot feeling over a poker hand, Wicker, while they were standing behind the bar, suddenly picked up his gun and shot Frank dead, then walked out and was lurking somewhere in town. "Joe Bradshaw is up around Plentygrass hunting antelope," Walter explained, "and when he gets this news we'll have another shooting. What can I do?"

"I expect if you got Dan and locked him up, Joe wouldn't be able to get at him." Judge Wingfield sat down limply, stricken. "I wouldn't advise you to try that, though, Judge," Mr. Archer went on. "You might get plugged. No sense in getting shot. Not on your salary. Let it ride for a bit."

Mr. Archer went on about his business in the store, thinking things out for Judge Wingfield. In the morning they talked it over. "I wouldn't try to stop Bradshaw, Judge. You better swear him in as constable and let him bring Wicker in—if he can. Save you the job."

When Joe Bradshaw rode in a few days later and dismounted in front of his saloon, Judge Wingfield was waiting for him and we were watching, as were the old-timers who had no confidence in Walter as a gunfighter. Neither did Walter. Joe acknowledged his greeting absently, reached up and lifted a rifle from its saddle scabbard, and they came down the street together, Judge Wingfield with his hand on Joe's arm, talking fast. By the time they reached the store, Walter had made his point. They came in, Mr. Archer handed Joe a book (I noticed when I put it away that it was a hardware catalogue), and Judge Wingfield in an uncertain voice, after lifting Joe's right hand, declared him to be a duly-appointed constable. Joe walked off holding his rifle at the ready like a deer hunter. We stood around for a few minutes, then went about our work and had almost forgotten the situation when about an hour later we were startled by a single shot that slammed and echoed *kah-WHACK* from the façade of the saloon across the street. It sounded like a rifle shot, but we could not be sure.

We went out and looked down the empty street. Little dust devils skittered languidly in the blazing sunlight. Then Joe walked into view, turned, and walked heavily back to his horse. We glanced at each other thoughtfully, then returned to our work.

The next autumn brought the excitement of a prairie fire. The native buffalo grass, the feed that had sustained the great buffalo herds, flourished briefly in green luxuriance following the spring thaw and grew to about six inches before our intense summer sun cured it to an even lion color. In the meadows where moisture lingered, the grass made hay, and the ranchers cut and stacked it for emergency winter feed and fenced the stacks.

One evening as darkness gathered, the eastern sky was suddenly bathed in a soft red glow, and the town came to life with surprising speed and sense of purpose. A prairie fire was something they all understood.

A team and wagon came tearing down from the livery stable, and Mr. Archer ordered us to load half a dozen open-headed barrels, which we roped securely to the sideboards. Buckets and burlap bags were handed up, five or six eager volunteers crowded aboard, Mr. Archer took his place with the driver, and we rolled out at a gallop. "That fire looks close to Hank Danby's place," Mr. Butterfield, the liveryman, called out.

"Yes, and the Lazy E hay is always right there in the Coyote Meadows," Mr. Archer confirmed. We drove into the creek at the gravel ford where the handyman got the town's water and filled our barrels. Then Butterfield whipped up the horses, and when we rounded Calico Butte we suddenly saw the fire: a steadily rolling line of low red flames flowing out of the darkness. And then we saw the Lazy E haystacks. "Get down here," Mr. Archer told us, "and we'll backfire." While we were soaking the burlap bags, Hank Danby, boss of the Lazy E, drove up in a wagon with two of his riders leading the way and shouted a welcome to the battle. "Someday," John Archer called back, "you'll learn to plow a firebrake." Danby laughed. "Hell, John, I ain't got a plow on the place. You can handle it here. We're backfiring at the ranch. We'll lay you a wet ring."

They had a freshly killed steer in the wagon, split lengthwise and undressed. Danby's men each cinched their ropes on the neck of a half-carcass; and they rode off together dragging the half-carcasses, wet side down, in a circle two or three hundred feet away from the row of stacks, giving us a barrier against which we began the backfire. Working against the wind, we fired the grass in twenty- or thirty-foot runs, and when the flames crept

through dry tunnels in the grass of the wet ring or brands flew over, we flailed them out with our wet burlap. It was lively work. We extended our blackened ring until the fire moved close. When it reached the coulees where bullberries grew thickly, the flames roared up and lighted our faces. Then the low, rolling fire touched our barrier, circled our island and passed on leaving us standing in hot cinders, shaking hands and slapping each other on the back; we were smoky heroes and a band of brothers. Then we drove over the blackened prairie to the Lazy E.

They had beat the fire. Mr. Danby had backed the roundup chuck wagon close to a campfire, the tailgate was down, and the cook was cutting up cold beef and bread. A blackened two-gallon coffeepot hung in the iron rods over the fire, and we helped ourselves, the tin cups rattling cheerfully against the iron. Whisky bottles appeared and the talk became excited.

"Did you see that goddam jackrabbit bounce off with his tail on fire . . . ?"

"I seen four coyotes bust out of that coulee when the fire hit. . . ."

"First time I ever see sage hens fly at night."

The older men looked out to where the fire had advanced. Suddenly a soft rose flare erupted above the red line; then another, and another, and burned steadily. "There goes Frank Arnett's hay," Mr. Danby said, his voice strained thin with the bitterness of his fustration.

"Well," said Archer, stubborn realist, "there ain't a damn thing we can do about it. So ease your cinch."

By the fall roundup of my fourth year in Wolf Creek, I decided I had saved enough money to attempt medical school. It was time to go. I arranged with Frank Arnett to escort a trainload of his Turkey Track cattle to the stockyards in St. Paul, thus saving railroad fare. Then, after midnight one night I was wakened by someone kicking the door. One of John Catlin's cowpunchers was waiting, outlined high against the sky as his horse danced nervously. "Wake up," he said, "Doc wants you to get a rig and take him out to Johnny Calmet's place. Old John put a bullet through Johnny, and we sent him home in a buckboard. He's all yours." He swung around and rode off.

I woke the stable hand, harnessed a rig, and the doctor and I drove out to Poplar Creek in the silent starlight. Doctor Collingwood fought his yawns and cursed softly. "Old John Catlin fixed Calmet this time, I expect. Got in a fight at the dance Catlin gave for his granddaughter last evening. Calmet stood outside shooting at the lighted windows until the old man took down a rifle and dropped him."

Doc slowly relaxed, folded down and slept. The team jogged along silently over the soft ground; the aurora, performing to our deserted world, swept the northern sky so spectacularly that you swore you could hear it hiss. The immense emptiness of the night was enough to add a new dimension to the sense of loneliness.

Calmet lived with his Indian mother near the reservation. Her tepee stood empty in the yard under shadowy poplars; she was sitting on the floor in her son's bedroom wrapped in a blanket, her moccasined feet tucked under her. Johnny was sitting up in bed holding a rag to his chest, eyeing us with a look of cold savagery. Doctor Collingwood removed fragments of his vest and shirt from the wounds, bandaged him, and slowly explained to both what should be done, speaking to her in Yankton Sioux. When we left, Calmet was trying to roll a cigarette.

Driving back to Wolf Creek, Doctor Collingwood settled himself comfortably and prepared to sleep. "Someday," he remarked wearily, "you will probably observe, as I have, that the good and deserving are taken, and the unworthy are spared. If you ever figure that out, let me know. That fellow will be up and around again in a few weeks. And before I forget it: don't starve there at school if you run out of chips. Write me a letter; I can always chloroform somebody here or pass the hat for you at Laura's. And let me know if they've learned anything new about typhoid; and when you come back I'll teach you what I know about pneumonia."

This shooting drove Judge Wingfield into scandalized protest. "We'll never get decent homesteaders to try it here if we go on like that," he told Mr. Archer. "It has got to stop."

"Talk to Catlin," Archer replied, involved with a new barrel of molasses. "He just rode up."

John Catlin came in and gave us all a cheerful greeting. Judge Wingfield opened the subject immediately; they were old friends. "John," he said in his preaching voice, "I understand you had a disgraceful shooting affair at your place the other night."

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by Chester N. Hess

STAGECOACH RENAISSANCE

Ever since the beginning of silent-movie days, the stagecoach chase by outlaws or Indians has been a standard action episode of the popular "horse opera." Nowadays, with the television screen limning more than a score of regular Westerns, the classic Concord stagecoach still rolls its romantic way as perhaps the most indispensable symbol of the era, second only to the Colt six-shooter.

Time was when little concern was given to the possible life-span of this durable vehicle, a product of New England craftsmen, or to when, if ever, the supply would be exhausted. But as hard use took its due and demand by filmmakers mounted, the inevitable end of roadworthy Concords could be predicted as not far away.

At about this point of approaching crisis, Hollywood's "camera obscura" by chance brought into focus the one man destined to remedy the plight of both picture producer and Western enthusiast. His name was Nolan Davis.

Not only could Nolan Davis rejuvenate the aging coaches but, far more importantly, he could build *new* ones—stagecoaches faithful to their tradition of handcrafted, rugged construction established in 1826 by Abbot, Downing Company of Concord, New Hampshire. Davis knew the specifications of every bolt, spoke, felloe, reach, hound, brace, and other component of the heavy-type Concord. He could fashion the parts with his own hands and could assemble them into a finished coach, for his apprenticeship had begun as a boy under his maternal grandfather.

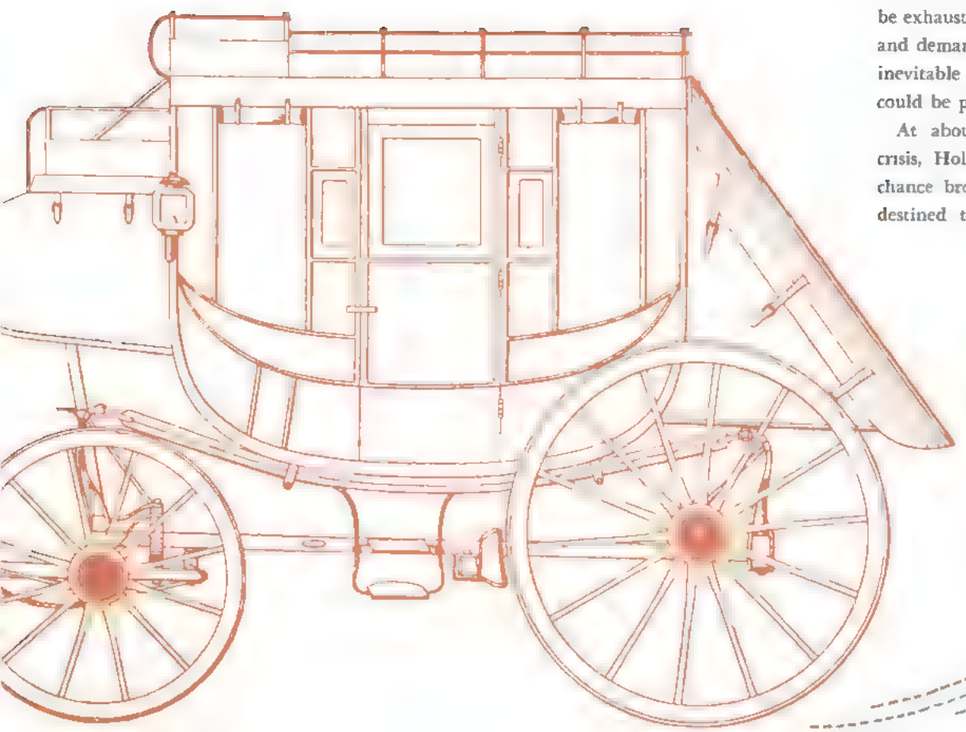
Grandfather "Patty" Gillispie had built a cabin on wilderness land in the Great Smoky Mountains of western North Carolina. There he farmed and plied a natural skill at wagon- and coachmaking. Nolan, four younger brothers, and five sisters lived some sixty-five miles from the Gillispie Spring Creek homestead. When Jake Davis decided to move his family to Spartanburg in South Carolina, where there was plenty of work in the textile mills, Nolan went to stay with "Patty" until the Davis household was settled.

The boy spent a good part of his early years with his grandfather in happy adventure—hunting, trailing, learning the ways of self-survival in nature—sometimes in the open for days on end in a mutually close, warm companionship. Always between their excursions there was hard work which one day would enable the man Nolan to solve a problem of unique importance.

Young Nolan had always wanted to visit the West someday. When he saw his first railroad train at fourteen, he was surer than ever that the country of which he had read so much was coming closer. But it was 1937 before the opportunity came. In a willing but tired automobile, he started for California and soon swung onto what had been the old Overland Trail. Eighty years before him, the Concord coaches of John Butterfield's mail-and-passenger line had first sped along here on their scheduled runs between St. Louis and San Francisco – graceful, crimson-bodied vehicles with lemon-colored wheels, and drivers in long, yellow linen dusters, high boots and flat-crowned, "wide-awake" hats.

An ambitious venture, the Overland Mail—an all-too-brief chapter in the history of staging—followed by the coaches of Ben Holladay, who in turn eventually sold out to two gentlemen whose surnames are still perpetuated in gold leaf on a San Francisco bank—Henry Wells and William G. Fargo.

Yet even the earliest of the Butterfield stages arrived in the new gold country



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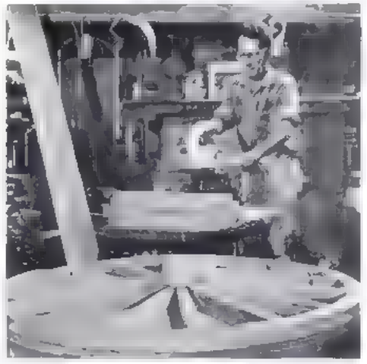

eight years after the first Abbot, Downing Concord was brought around the Horn from Boston to San Francisco by the California Stage Company. By 1867 this line, too, had joined the empire of Wells, Fargo & Company, which celebrated the rapid spread of its green strongboxes by contracting that year for forty new Concord coaches—the largest single order in the history of the New Hampshire builders.

At this time the century-old firm of Abbot, Downing Company employed about three hundred men in the factory on South Street in Concord, each worker a highly skilled specialist in his particular craft. They worked twelve to fourteen hours a day, six days a week, and closed at nine o'clock. The "heavy Concord," like the lighter eastern model, was originally patterned after the English mail coach and, as its name suggests, was designed to withstand the rigors of frontier distances and mountain country.

The only machinery in the shop was a band saw for cutting out the curved felloes, or rims, for the wheels; this was run by horsepower—literally. All other operations were done by hand. Laminated panels of basswood, or linden, covered the body frame. Oak, white ash, and elm went into running gear and other parts which required the finest seasoned woods obtainable. Prime hides became the russet leather, covering upholstered seats, backrests, and interior panel linings. Colors: vermilion for the body, lemon-yellow with black striping for wheels and running gear. Elaborate scroll-like embellishments, gold-leaf lettering, and scenic oil paintings on outside body surfaces completed the conveyance's sumptuous finish. Unloaded, a Concord weighed close to twenty-one hundred pounds. The cost was about $1,400 delivered at the factory. To many admirers it was a true art form, grandly suited to a basic utilitarian purpose. Captain William Banning, stage-line operator and Concord votary, wrote that the illustrious coach was "as tidy and graceful as a lady, as inspiring to the stagefaring man as a ship to a sailor, and had, incidentally, like the lady and the ship, scarcely a straight line in its body."

On the debit side it must be said that

carpenter

cabinetmaker

carriage-builder

blacksmith

welder

upholsterer

leather-worker

harnessmaker

the now glamorous pioneer stagecoach was something less than comfortable on long journeys or rough roads. Its "springs" consisted of two huge slings (thoroughbraces) supporting the coach body like a cradle from its underside by being looped around stout forged standards at the frame corners, brought back on each side to meet in the middle, then cinched up to regulate tension with turnbuckles. These thorough braces were each formed of fourteen separate "straps" of heavy tanned cowhide half an inch thick and three and a half inches wide—all of which worked against each other like the flexing leaves of an automobile spring. The ride was a rocking, rolling motion most effective in bringing passengers close together—often in the interest of romance, sometimes to alter careers.

For example, history has it that Hank Monk, a famous Wells Fargo "whip," once put on such a furious exhibition of breakneck driving for impatient visiting Horace Greeley that the badly shaken-up editor later blamed his political defeat on the jibes and lampooning cartoons aimed at him by the rival press over the incident.

Another great hand at artful staging was Charlie Parkhurst, probably the only stage driver whose true identity was never known so long as he lived. When "Old Charlie" finally died after retirement, it was discovered that "he" was a woman. Appropriately, the veteran driver was buried in the Odd Fellows cemetery.

If Nolan Davis had been living in those days of stagecoach glory, he probably would have left a notable imprint. Certainly his contribution now has created a renaissance of its kind and the carrying on of a tradition which departs from the original only when dictated by practical necessity. For one thing, filming techniques require a special window in the front of the coach so that the horses can be controlled from the inside when the driver is supposedly killed or wounded. Another precaution is sometimes taken by reinforcing an entire body frame with heavy angle steel or substituting metal for wood. Nolan also has rigged many ingenious control devices, such as one which disconnects the "runaway" teams, then automatically turns the vehicle to stop safely off the road, while in the finished picture an abrupt "cut" to a miniature set shows what appears to be the stagecoach plunging off a cliff.

New wheels and axles are available today from the sole remaining factory in the East. But 90 percent of the labor of building a stagecoach is still handwork. And for this skill is demanded the combined proficiencies of carpenter, cabinetmaker, carriage-builder, blacksmith, welder, upholsterer—with leather-working, harnessmaking, and painting thrown in. Close to four hundred hours are normally required to complete a new stagecoach.

Besides those needed for films, stagecoaches are made for tourist attractions, guest ranches, resorts, and for just private individual use. It is all part of the interest in nearly everything early western. Nolan Davis is happy to be a part of it. He even finds time to turn out working scale models—of the Concord coach, of course.

Triumph and Failure
in the Colorado Desert

IMPERIAL VALLEY

by Helen Hosmer

The Imperial Valley, California, is one of the richest farming areas in the world. Once a part of the Colorado Desert, this man-made garden spot is a monument to the individual vision and enterprise, the public policy and energy that has converted millions of acres of the arid West to productive use. At the same time, Imperial Valley is something less than this dream of realized fruitfulness implies; it is at once the realization of a dream and its denial; it is a land of bitter contrasts, a place where a confrontation of public policy and private power calls into question the entire purpose of western reclamation.

The issue which faces Imperial Valley, and the American people, is simply whether or not public reclamation efforts are for the development of what we think of as "family farms" or for the benefit of what Californians have come to call "agri-industrialists." Imperial Valley, as its farm economy exists today, is dependent upon the Colorado River dams and canals built by the government. At the same time, these rich lands—acre by acre more productive and profitable than the most avaricious dreams of the homesteaders who settled the trans-Mississippi West—are held or worked by people more accurately described as industrialists than as dirt farmers. "A man cannot make it on less than a thousand acres around here," is a statement that drops lightly from agricultural experts and ranchers in Imperial Valley.

At the present time, the Department of the Interior has challenged not only the assumption that an Imperial Valley farmer needs a thousand acres to get by, but also the right of any landowner to receive water for more than the 160 acres specified by the reclamation law as the maximum holding that publicly subsidized water may irrigate. This concept is very simple and not at all new. But the application of it is far from simple, for Imperial Valley is not ordinary and is not new. The beneficiaries of Hoover Dam and its subsidiary works, the owners and operators of Imperial Valley, may with good color of reason maintain that they are the legitimate inheritors of this empire; that they, or their predecessors, created this garden out of nothing, and that they, with their efficiency, their energy, their willingness to experiment, to improve, and to develop, are entitled to what they get and have.

What they have—these men who pour a quarter of the Colorado River across their parched fields—is not what public land or reclamation policy ostensibly was created to foster. Nor were these lands developed by means which were in accord with the spirit of the laws for the disposition of the public domain. In the present there lies a question of important public policy. But the question is not newly risen, rather it is a heritage of the past, of the history of the development of Imperial Valley.

On visiting Imperial Valley one may get the impression of the American Dream suddenly gone wrong: The giant farms are getting bigger, Mexican nationals form the labor force for the absentee agri-industrialists, young Americans are leaving the valley for want of jobs, the towns—in a period of unparalleled prosperity—seem to be withering away. Industry avoids the valley. A 992-acre farm (nearly what a man needs "to make it") nets $580,000 on one year's subsidized cotton crop, while grocery clerks and truck drivers get less than half the general California scale. Yet there is nothing *suddenly* gone wrong. Imperial Valley never was a place built by the kind of effort and the kind of people we associate with the notion of the farming frontier.

BOB WESTCOTT PHOTO

Map of

LOWER COLORADO RIVER

and

IMPERIAL VALLEY

October 1, 1906

"Misbegotten at the outset," Carey McWilliams has said, striking to the heart of the matter:

> Misbegotten at the outset, Imperial Valley has always had the character of an aborted community; a half-formed, twisted, ill-conceived mongrel. The social affairs of the valley have always been as badly snarled as its financial affairs. Indeed, the tangle of social relations reflects the original cross-purposes which came of the fateful attempts to undertake for private profit a development which was essentially public in character.

II

Imperial Valley is an offspring of the Colorado River. Once a part of the Gulf of California, the valley was cut off by the deltaic deposits of the river. The river itself built the barrier which stretches from the neighborhood of Yuma to the Baja California shore, separating the below-sea-level valley from the gulf. This unusual condition can be understood by close scrutiny of the accompanying map, which shows the ancient shoreline rimming Imperial Valley.

In modern times, from the times of the first sixteenth-century Spanish explorers, the river has flowed into the gulf. But time and again before this, through millennia rather than centuries, the river has switched its course, now to the gulf, now to the inland sink. As can be seen from the map, the most direct route to the gulf carries the river along the southeastern side of its delta. The shortest channel to the sink of the Colorado Desert would employ the Alamo Barranca, on the northwest side of the delta. Between these two channels is a meandering system of overflow channels, mostly tending toward Volcano Lake, situated on the crest of the hump formed by the delta silt. Waters that found their way to Volcano Lake during flood periods flowed both to the south, through Hardy's Colorado, and to the north, through the New River.

The gulf is sea level; the blue line showing the beach of the ancient lake is thirty feet above sea level; the bottom of Salton Sink is 278 feet below sea level. Volcano Lake is the key to the picture: at this stage shown on the map its surface is perhaps thirty-two feet above sea level, and it is filled with overflow Colorado River water which it discharges in TWO directions — both north to the valley and south to the gulf. If the Colorado River ran into the valley for long enough to fill up the ancient lake to the beach line, Volcano Lake in turn would be ready to discharge its overflow into the gulf through the Hardy Colorado.

In the long past, the untamed Colorado was a river of wild extremes. Though one of the major rivers of the continent, it carried very little water at its lowest stages (for example, in November of 1775, Anza, who had previously crossed the river on rafts, was able to wade across the stream). But each June when the melted snows of the Rockies reached Yuma, the river would be a grand torrent, carrying fifty, a hundred, even a hundred fifty thousand cubic feet of water past a given point each second. Each cubic foot of water might contain as much as a quarter pound of silt—more silt to build a delta already as deep as a thousand feet, a delta made up of the entire original contents of the Grand Canyon and much more.

Imperial Valley is composed of the rich alluvial soil laid down by the Colorado River. To irrigate this potentially fertile desert, it was necessary only to turn a part of the Colorado; for with the river riding higher than the valley, with already-established channels coursing through the desert, the water would run from the river to the valley of its own accord. The idea was so startlingly simple that someone thought of it almost immediately after California and the Colorado River were acquired by the United States.

Dr. Oliver Meredith Wozencraft took the credit for thinking up the grand scheme, and it is simple justice to accord him the title, "Father of Imperial Valley." For Wozencraft not only perceived the notion of irrigating the valley, but he also built a far greater scheme, a plan whereby he might gather to himself all of the benefits of that development.

Wozencraft, born in Ohio, educated in medicine in Kentucky, first came to the Colorado Desert by way of Yuma on his way to the California placers in 1849. In the desert crossing, several of his party nearly collapsed, and Wozencraft set off on his mule to search for water. He must have been standing on the banks of the Alamo Barranca where it crossed the boundary from Baja California to swing north toward the sink when he got his great idea. "It was then and there that I first conceived the idea of the reclamation of the desert," he later wrote. What he must have seen was that the northward-tending Alamo could with a little improvement be made to carry river water across hundreds, thousands, of square miles of the downward-sloping desert.

A man of many interests, Wozencraft became a member of the California Constitutional Convention, a

commissioner of Indian Affairs, and in 1856 a lobbyist for the Atlantic-Pacific railroad project. In this latter role he found himself advocating the central route ("Let the great national heart send forth its mighty pulsations through the central artery, transmitting and diffusing life and culture to all members of the confederate body"), and damning the proposed southern route across the Colorado Desert, pointing to "the great absurdity of locating a road over a desert, a country in which even a coyote could not get an honest living."

If Wozencraft was still developing his vision of watering the desert, one must assume that he just did not want any land-grant railroads going through his potential pasture. Indeed, he suggested the desirability of "private enterprise" constructing a southern route. And in another place he put forward a theory that has a sinister ring to it in light of his later project—that, slavery being unprofitable in the South, freedmen might well thrive in desert areas unfit for white habitation. "I deem it necessary... that a proper field should be opened for our superfluous black population," he said.

In 1859, just three years after he had told a San Francisco audience that "God in His wisdom had placed His permanent seal of desolation on the [Colorado] desert," Oliver Wozencraft asked the California legislators to give it all (and more) to *him*—six thousand square miles of it! *And they did,* "in one of those grand gestures which the young west made so beautifully towards its pioneers." They gave—but it was not quite theirs to give; essentially their gift was a petition to the federal Congress, an endorsement by California of the excellent motives in his avarice, a guarantee that the California delegation would assist him in sequestering the public domain.

Dr. Wozencraft went to Washington, D.C. He had gathered every bit of available data about the desert, and he approached Congress with an impressive display of whatever information was favorable. The negative report of John Russell Bartlett of the 1852 boundary commission he dismissed as the narrow vision of a narrow man; he embraced and circulated instead the words of Professor Blake of the Pacific Railway survey:

> The Colorado River is like the Nile.... If a supply of water could be obtained for irrigation, it is probable that the greater part of the desert could be made to yield crops of almost any kind. By deepening the channel of New River... a constant supply could be furnished to the interior portions of the desert.

But Blake understood clearly the mechanics of the Colorado delta and he added the prophetic words, "It is indeed a serious question, whether a canal would not cause the overflow once more of a vast surface, and refill, to a certain extent, the dry valley of the ancient lake."

Blake reasoned that over the ages the river changed its course many times—first flowing to the desert sink through the Alamo and New River channels until the sink became a deep inland lake, and then to the sea, leaving the lake stranded until, in the burning desert heat, it evaporated. He could see clearly the shoreline of the "ancient lake" (which he named "Cahuilla" after an Indian tribe) forty feet above sea level. But more significantly, he could also see that the "warping-up" of land near the river and along its inundation channels suggested that the river was fast approaching the point that it might swing back to an inland course once more. He could see that the river had overtopped its banks at high stages near Pilot Knob, from which the flood flow was westerly along the course of the Alamo Barranca. The jungle-like growth of the mesquite, screwbean, willow, wild hemp, and carriso that matted the low banks and clogged the barranca stopped the flow from cutting its main channel into the Alamo—for the descent from Pilot Knob to the bottom of the sink was much steeper and shorter than the channel to the sea.

By May 1862 Wozencraft had convinced the Public Lands Committee of the House of Representatives that it suited the interests of God, the National Spirit, and Progress to turn over the Colorado Desert to private enterprise. It was no secret that Wozencraft was to be the beneficiary. One may well wonder at the sense of timing involved in attempting a land grab of such proportions *one week* after the passage of the Homestead Act. Congress, less pliable than the California legislature, refused Wozencraft, yet he kept trying through the summer of 1862. He seems to have felt that his failures were the result of congressional preoccupation with the Civil War. And he did not stop trying: at the age of seventy-three (in 1887), he was back in Washington again offering a Colorado reclamation bill. While it was being crucified behind closed doors in committee, the great dreamer died.

III

The men who brought the first farmers into the Colorado Desert in 1901 were more sophisticated than

Wozencraft. Charles Robinson Rockwood and C. N. Perry were construction engineers for the Southern Pacific Railroad, familiar with handling men, money, and materials. Anthony Heber and Sam Fergusson were land agents of the Kern County Land Company. They knew the art of coaxing settlers to western farmlands. It had been their daily bread. All four men had seen the railroad in action long enough to feel that the big money was easy money if one could seize the moment.

Their plan for developing the desert was simple and appealing. They staked a claim to twenty thousand acre-feet of Colorado River water, posting a notice near the salt cedars where the river flowed, and filed for a canal right-of-way from the federal government. They let it be known that they were about to bring river water to the rich delta lands which anybody could buy from the government for $1.25 an acre—up to 160 acres under Homestead Law or 320 acres under Desert Land Law. They incorporated (in New Jersey) as the California Development Company with $1.5 million in capital stock and then started their long and desperate scramble for actual cash. Along the way they picked up a Yuma promoter named Blaisdell and an army surgeon named Heffernan, both of whom knew their way around the desert and had some financial backing.

Events in California played into their hands. By 1900 southern California was sweetly scented with orange blossoms and wetted with irrigation ditch water: land prices were soaring. At the same time the famous irrigation engineer George Chaffey, promoter of the successful Ontario and Etiwanda projects in California and more recently the unsuccessful Mildura project in Australia, was not only available but burning to recoup his losses from the Australian fiasco. The moment was ripe. On April 3, 1900, Chaffey signed a contract with the California Development Company to bring the Colorado River to the desert.

Chaffey planned to build his headgate at Pilot Knob (just north of the Mexican border), bypass the barrier of the sand dunes (the "walking hills") by cutting his canal parallel with the river for four miles, connect with the ancient overflow barranca called the Alamo in Mexico, improve its channel for the next fifty-two miles westward, and install another control works on Hall Hanlon's land where the Alamo River entered the United States. The Mexican lands through which the canal must pass belonged to General Buillermo Andrade, who had long sought to tap the Colorado River and establish an agricultural empire on the Mexican half of the Colorado delta.

Before the first water came through the system, the settlers were on their way. They had seen the brochures: government land at $1.25 an acre, to be watered at a cost of fifty cents an acre-foot! They arrived to do battle with sandstorms and scorpions . . . with coyotes that came right up to their flapping tents or ramadas . . . with water, half mud, half rusty-red grit, scooped up into basins and settling pans . . . blistering, eye-searing, skin-scorching heat . . . desert winds blowing sand through the cracks of flour barrels, tearing down the tents, scattering pots and pans . . . the delta always on the move ("What? You ain't seen the country yet? Look out the door and you'll see a hundred miles of it go by in five minutes!"). Candles for light, butter kept in gallon bottles and sold by the pint, and ten dollars a ton for cut lengths of mesquite brought from Flowing Well . . . the March sun setting the mud like stone, the steady heat baking it, seaming it with cracks and gullies . . . the little greasewood bushes clinging to the silt like iron shafts sunk in concrete, to be pulled up one at a time by a team of horses dragging chains ("a quarter-section takes a man four, five weeks just to clear").

The first three families were Bill Van Horn, his wife and six children; Frank Gilette, his wife and seven children; and Lawrence Van Horn, four children and no wife—all in a caravan from the Salt River Valley, bringing two Fresno scrapers, ten crates of chickens, five cows, and a bull. They arrived in January 1901 before Chaffey's ditches were carved out. The three men started digging. The two women tried to keep the seventeen children from getting lost to the sandstorms or the rattlers.

George Chaffey's biographer, J. A. Alexander, builds a story ending in the betrayal of his hero at the hands of the California Development Company. Alexander says Chaffey had not seen the company's books (he was told they were in Jersey City) and had his sleeves rolled up before he learned he had signed with a bankrupt company. Confronting Heber, Rockwood, Fergusson, and others, he tore up the contract in their faces, created the subsidiary Delta Investment Company (wherein he placed all the assets of the project purchased at fifty cents on the dollar), changed the name Colorado Desert to Imperial Valley, demoted Rockwood to "assistant engineer," ousted Fergusson as advertiser, organized a second subsidiary known as the Imperial

Land Company to promote settlement, and, with a Riverside publicist in charge of promotion, set up his old system of mutual water companies to operate through a tricky device called tri-party agreements. He hired engineer Perry to gather a crew and make a survey, bought the Mexican land from Andrade, gave Hanlon $20,000 for his worthless piece of swampland, paid the delinquent tax bill in Jersey City, made himself president of the California Development Company *and* the Delta Investment Company, raised capital among his friends in Los Angeles, and began digging a canal on Thanksgiving Day 1900. Six months later a trickle of red, muddy river water came through the boundary ditch at the new town of Calexico, and the wooden headgates at Hanlon's Heading were completed on May 14, 1901.

Chaffey had dug an unlined, wavering canal and built a wooden, temporary headgate to coax a wild, silt-heavy river riding from twenty-five to two hundred feet above sea level along the very rim of the valley toward downsloping desert land. Had that been his only contribution, the $300,000 with which the original promoters bought him out in a quick squeeze play guised as the "Rockwood Syndicate" would have been a high price indeed. But Chaffey had given them more than a crude canal and a wooden headgate. He had perfected a magic formula for debasing the intent of the Homestead and Desert Land acts. He had designed a mechanism for turning water appropriation into land appropriation.

The California Development Company took water out of the Colorado. It "sold" the water to its dummy Mexican corporation—the *Sociedad y Terrenos y Irrigación de la Baja California*—which conveyed the water to Calexico. "Mutual water companies" (whose membership was composed of the farmers who were going to use the water) in turn bought it for fifty cents an acre-foot, delivering it to the individual users at that cost, plus a small annual per-acre charge for the construction and operation of the necessary local ditches. The mutual companies, in consideration of a contract to provide all the required water at this modest cost, gave the CDC all their "water stock."

The water stock was the key to the operation. Water would be delivered only to the holders of water stock. The stock was issued at one share to the acre. It represented no tangible asset; it was a "right" to get water, and, as such, water stock was often referred to as "water rights." Under the rules set up by the CDC, a parcel of land had to be completely "covered" by water stock before *any* water would be delivered. Thus, the farmer who filed on 160 acres had to buy 160 shares of water stock. The "retail" price of water stock was about $25 a share.

To this point it would appear that the CDC, which owned or had owned all of the water stock represented in hundreds of thousands of acres laid out on paper by the eight mutual companies (all of which, needless to say, had been organized and officered by the CDC inner circle), was doing no more than selling at an exorbitant price bits of that appropriation notice tacked up near Pilot Knob. But the system had better possibilities. The CDC had responsibilities; it had to maintain its works. It had to *deliver* as much as four acre-feet of water a year for each share of water stock, and do it fairly cheaply, too. Hence the formation of the Imperial Land Company. The Imperial Land Company did not originally have a large amount of land to sell; the CDC-Imperial Land Company promoters had bought up school sections, filed on parcels as individuals, and picked up some Indian reservation land scrip, but the basis of the successful operation of the Imperial Land Company lay in its ability to purchase huge blocks of water stock from the CDC at low prices.

A prospective farmer (or speculator) bought his water stock from the Imperial Land Company which also helped him file his claim to government land. If a prospect wanted to file on a full 320 acres under the Desert Land Act, the Imperial Land Company would discount the $7900 worth of water stock 10 percent for a cash sale, or (as was more usual) hold the water stock against a 6 percent note. This note in effect was a mortgage on the land, for without the water stock the land was worthless. Under the Desert Land Act the farmer could get a patent on his land as soon as he "proved up" his water and paid the nominal $1.25 per acre—which in practice meant that within a few weeks or months of the time that a farmer made his deal with the Imperial Land Company the land was technically his. If he defaulted in his water-stock payments, it was inevitable that the land would come into the possession of the Imperial Land Company. Water stock was land.

More direct methods of taking possession of land were exposed in the U.S. District Court of 1908, when several directors of the Imperial Land Company were convicted of a conspiracy to defraud the government.

LOS ANGELES COUNTY MUSEUM

TITLE INSURANCE & TRUST CO , SAN DIEGO

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LOS ANGELES COUNTY MUSEUM

They had been unable to resist the temptation of hiring people to file on desert land for them. At 320 acres per filing, with water to be "proved up" almost instantly and at little cost, section after section of the public domain fell into their hands, often to be resold quickly in large parcels. Testifying at their Los Angeles trial, the accused directors, pleading guilty to the charges, all declared that their sole intent had been "to encourage settlement . . . and dispose of water stock acquired in the course of work done for the promotion and extension of the water system in the district."

Thus the Imperial Land Company soon had many thousands of acres to sell, as did its insiders and associates. They owned the towns. Special trains kept the big tent in Imperial City filled with buyers on auction days. Town lots captured the speculative spirit of even penny-ante plungers. And townsite boundaries expanded in easy accommodation to the sound of paper rustling in the hot offices of the Imperial Land Company, as discounted water stock was exchanged for money. The manipulation of water stock explains the empty treasuries of the CDC and the mutual water companies and the bursting coffers of their rich brother, the Imperial Land Company. Discounted water stock explains the ten thousand acres purchased by the Hammers in 1904. Water stock explains the government's desperate move to rescue its dwindling public domain by challenging the land survey, thereby holding up many final grants until the illegal manipulation could be halted. Water stock gave W. L. Holt (the hero of Harold Bell Wright's popular novel, *The Winning of Barbara Worth*) the townsite which became Holtville and the farming district organized under Mutual Water Company #7. Holt acquired eighteen thousand shares of water stock for $50,000; stock was land, mortgages, banks.

Water stock *was* land, but in the peculiar, once-removed sense that already was appropriate to Imperial Valley. In a way water stock, millions of dollars worth of it, represented nothing but a cheap headgate on the Colorado and some indifferently scraped-out overflow channels—two or three hundred thousand dollars' worth of work at the most generous estimate. Technically, the water stock was not even that; it represented only the right to buy water delivered through these works, or to take over the works in case water was not delivered. On this rock Imperial Valley was founded.

In 1904 there were seven thousand settlers in the valley. One hundred thousand acres had been taken up, though not all of it was watered: there was not enough money in the mutual water companies to build the needed canals and ditches. The Southern Pacific Railroad had extended its line through Calexico, and a party of Los Angeles bankers arrived to be feted at the ranch of the California-Mexican Land and Cattle Company—one thousand acres of lush crops around Calexico, managed by Walter Bowker for Harrison Gray Otis of the Los Angeles *Times,* and his partner, General M. H. Sherman. Below the border, C & M held another 876,000 acres, with fifteen thousand acres of it watered by the Colorado River through the CDC's waterworks, which also watered Charles Rockwood's nine thousand acres and the acres of other CDC directors scattered within the boundaries of the fifty-two miles of the "Mexican Company." By 1904 the lands below the border were drinking up seven times as much river water as the lands in Imperial Valley, all without benefit of water stock.

In 1904 dairy yields in the valley were $100,000; barley, $150,000; hay, $125,000; cattle feed, $75,000; and other crops—honey, vegetables, fruits, turkeys—$700,000. It appeared that melons were going to create a new market, and cotton samples had aroused enthusiastic reactions in the East. There were around ten thousand head of cattle, several thousand horses and mules, and many thousands of hogs. Holt's brother Leroy announced a gain of 26 percent at his bank. The Western Union opened offices in the valley; a horse racetrack was being graded; the first cement curb and sidewalk was laid in front of the new brick Hotel Imperial, built by the Imperial Land Company; ten Pullman cars and a diner arrived with two hundred people to attend a sale of town lots; the auctioneers sold $50,000 worth of land in one day; Miss Charlotte Preston bought 101 books for Imperial School with money she had raised entirely herself; the Women's Christian Temperance Union held temperance meetings and offered a gold medal on the best essay; and Holt urged greater church attendance to combat the sin and evil creeping north from Mexicali.

In 1904 Rockwood and Heber were locked in mortal combat for control of the CDC. No two men were better suited to kill the goose that had laid their golden egg; no two men could have been less endowed with the qualities of strong, honest, dedicated leadership that were needed for the solid and logical development

of the prematurely blooming valley.

Heber—small, slick, dapper, wearing pince-nez glasses and a thin, knowing smile, quick to anger, well versed in both hard and soft sell—was entirely ignorant of, and even more indifferent to, the subtle, precarious balance of the Colorado's channel. Rockwood – large, heavy jowled, bearlike, carrying a deep, slow-burning resentment (frustration and anger at the unpredictable, unmanageable river, fury at the slick manipulators who were forever doing him out of the fruits of *his* idea) – was so preoccupied with CDC politics that in the spring he left the problem of getting water to the farmers' crops to his assistant and went to Los Angeles to round up support to oust Heber.

Early in March 1904 the new spring crops were planted, and the main canal was silted up solid for four miles, Rockwood's dredge utterly inadequate to the task of clearing the channel. The farmers watched their parched crops, their dry ditches, muttered about law suits, talked about the government's new Reclamation Service, about its plan for the Laguna Dam at Yuma, and about cheap water on 160-acre farms and no interest charges. William D. Smythe, the famous Irrigation Congress pamphleteer came to the valley to tell the farmers how to formulate a water users' association and to talk to them about the Reclamation Service. Heber had already tangled with the Reclamation Service.

In August 1903 the service had filed on eleven thousand acre-feet of unappropriated waters of the Colorado and announced a grandiose plan for harnessing the lower basin of the river with four dams and reservoirs, hydroelectric plants for each, plus canals to irrigate 1.2 million acres.[1] This was a direct challenge to the CDC monopoly. Anthony Heber met this challenge with a boast that was to touch off an immediate controversy and lead to regrettable consequences. In February 1904 Heber told J. B. Lippincott, chief engineer of reclamation in the Southwest, that the original twenty thousand acre-feet claimed by the CDC (a small portion of the Colorado's annual flow) was sufficient to give the company practical control of the whole river forever! Lippincott asked Heber if he would mind repeating that to his colleague, Frederick H. Newell. Heber obliged. The newspapers broadcast the story. When the Reclamation Service, in reaction to Heber's grotesque boast, declared that the Colorado was a navigable stream in theory, in historic use, and by treaty with Mexico, and that nobody had any absolute right to remove water from a federal stream, a wave of apprehension swept the valley.

The counterthreat of the Reclamation Service was political hay for Imperial promoters. With their whole empire reared on fraud or near-fraud, they were understandably disturbed. *Somebody*—if not everybody—must be out to "get" them. It was the government! First there had been the infamous U.S. Department of Agriculture soil report of 1902,[2] which had said that 35 percent of the delta, including much of the lands slated for irrigation, was too alkali laden to be reclaimable. "Alka-LIE-Report!" the valley press jeered—nervously. Then there had been the resurvey questioning ownership of the land itself. And now this!

Heber had provoked a showdown and had no recourse but to press it to its logical conclusion. As Smythe said later, "You have aroused a sleeping lion, Mr. Heber!" Senator Perkins and Representative Daniels were induced to sponsor a bill declaring the Colorado River to be more useful for irrigation than navigation. The hearings on the bill started in Washington on March 21, 1904.

At the hearings, the chief protagonists were Heber and Smythe—Department of the Interior officials stayed away. Bit by bit Smythe exposed the inner workings of the CDC, its chicanery, basic corruption, its 400 percent yearly profits garnished from the settlers, and its water giveaway to the Los Angeles syndicate in Mexico. "These gentlemen," said Smythe, "have gone in there and claimed the melting snows of the Rocky Mountains as their property . . . should the Congress remove the government's only claim to the river by declaring it to be no longer a Navigable Stream, they would be giving it away forever to the California Development Company."

Highlight of the hearing was a query by a Mr. Hitchcock, a committee member: "Then you think there should not be any limit to the profits a private corporation should be permitted to earn while taking the public waters of the river and irrigating and controlling largely the public lands?"

"I am opposed," Heber answered, "to the government interfering in every instance with the private property and . . . profits of any private corporation."

In the end Heber was so discredited that even Daniels, sponsor of the bill, voted with the committee to kill it after a memo from the Department of the Interior advised that international treaties with Mexico

forbade congressional redefinition. Heber, nearly hysterical before it was all over, made a threat: "It is my earnest desire to worship at our own altar and to receive the blessing from the shrine of our own government, but if such permission is not granted, of necessity I will be compelled to worship elsewhere." And he went on to translate his oratory by announcing that he had in fact already initiated talks with Mexico whereby a new intake would be cut below the border, placing the valley's use of Colorado River water entirely outside the jurisdiction of the United States.

On June 10, Heber signed a contract with Mexico for a Mexican intake and appropriate headworks.

The summer floods brought some water and much silt to the valley. Reclamation Service men, accompanied by Smythe and Paul Van Dimas, came to the valley at the request of the settlers and helped them organize their water users' association. Heber, playing the game with a disarming show of sincerity (while furthering plans for the Mexican cut) offered to sell the CDC for $5 million; the settlers countered with $1.25 million. Through the efforts of W. L. Holt, the price was compromised at $3 million. Holt and C. S. Lombard went to Washington to persuade President Roosevelt to buy.

While Heber stalled for time by dickering to sell the CDC to the government for $3 million, Rockwood was busily dickering in San Francisco to sell the CDC to the Southern Pacific Railroad for $200,000. Mr. E. H. Harriman's Southern Pacific men, Epes Randolph and W. J. Doran, were not slow to see what the CDC had to offer beyond an underdeveloped waterworks, an empty treasury, and serious responsibilities. The CDC had an extremely valuable asset in its Mexican subsidiary, which held one hundred thousand acres of irrigable delta lands below the border. The new Mexican intake, which would solve the silting problem, defeat the Reclamation Service, and remove the irrigation of both Imperial Valley and the Mexican lands forever from the meddling authority of the United States, would cost about $200,000, Rockwood said. Randolph agreed to the proposal, subject to Harriman's approval; Rockwood promised to deliver CDC board approval. The contract would take the appearance of a loan, the $200,000 "to be used by it [the CDC] in paying off certain of its floating indebtedness and in completing and perfecting its canal system." In return for this "loan," the CDC would turn over majority control to the Southern Pacific, which would take entirely to itself any proceeds from the sale of the Mexican lands. Heber would be out, and Rockwood would remain on the board of directors and continue as chief engineer.

Making good his threat, Heber had anticipated Rockwood in ordering a cut to the CDC canal from the Mexican part of the Colorado. Rockwood, whatever he may have felt about the advisability of making a cut before there was money to build an adequate protective headgate, accepted the decision and pressed the work forward, either from motives of political policy, or the need of the farmers for more water, or both. By the end of September 1904, the 3300-foot cut from the river to the canal was complete. The river was now ready to change its course from the Gulf of California to Imperial Valley. The channel that it sought had been dug for it; there was no gate to close it off once it started its run for its ancient lake bottom, the Salton Sink.

Among the farmers of the valley there was thought only of melons and alfalfa, of the need for *plenty* of water. In September the Brawley *News* reported:

> There is fully three times [as large an] opening just below Pilot Knob [as] there was last year. A few miles down the river the company seems to have dug another opening which will empty into the main canal where it is badly filled up. Thus we feel confident there will be all the water that will be needed to irrigate every acre that can possibly be put to crop this fall.

Holt and Lombard were still in Washington. They sent a wire to Heber at the end of September saying negotiations for the sale of the CDC to the United States looked hopeful. Heber decided that the time had come for a mass meeting.

Heber and Van Dimas (representing the Reclamation Service) shared honors on the platform of the crowded meeting hall at Brawley in the first week of October. Heber, wearing his enigmatic smile, stood up and dropped his bombshell: he was withdrawing his offer to sell; the water was now being taken from Mexico—the government could not own and operate concessions in Mexican territory. Van Dimas tried to speak. Heber shouted to the settlers that, if they signed with the government, every foot of canal would be closed down, the spigot would be turned off. He whipped them, and himself, into a fury. Van Dimas, he brayed, had led them on with false promises in order to put them out of business.

Van Dimas had no chance. The valley psyche,

aroused by the anxieties of the complicated issues, the overwhelming need for water *now*, found in Van Dimas the object of its passion. The farmers grabbed him, dragged him outside to the waiting barrel of tar and bag of chicken feathers. Afterward they rode him south on a rail, gathering support on the way, traveling the eight miles south to Imperial, then down through Cameron Lake and Calexico to the border, where they tossed their wretched object to the Mexican police. They went back after that to what has been described as "the fattest, longest barbecue and the most expensive fireworks display in the history of the Colorado Desert," courtesy of Anthony Heber and his associates.

Heber had won. In January 1905 the Department of the Interior, while affirming the navigability of the Colorado and the freedom from preemption of its waters, recognized the claims of Imperial Valley and declined to interfere—if it had ever had any such intention—with the passage of water through existing canals. But as for the purchase of the CDC, its tangled affairs, the poor condition of its canals, headgates, and ditches, the uncertainty of the soil resulting from alkali, and the million or so dollars in debts of the company, as well as the lack of law whereby the government could deal with the problem of water taken through the Mexican intake, made purchase appear "unjustifiable at that time."

IV

The Mexican intake was nothing less than a breach in the riverbank which the Colorado had been seeking to break through—sometimes with partial success—for decades. The disaster which surely followed on the heels of the Mexican cut was the result of many things that might not have happened, but did; yet it was not just an unfortunate accident but rather a fitting, and almost inevitable, result of the political preoccupation and financial irresponsibility of the CDC. Of the millions of dollars' worth of paper assets that had passed through its hands, of the hundreds of thousands that at one time or another must have lain in its coffers for a few days, there was not enough at hand to build even a temporary headgate to control the flow of water into the new cut. (Rockwood's deal with the Southern Pacific had, of course, to await board approval and the board would not meet until June.)

The first small winter flood came down the river in February of 1905, bringing silt that clogged the new intake. Dredges were set to work deepening the channel. A few weeks later came another flood, in March a third. Rockwood grew nervous, threw a dam across the intake. A fourth flood in April swept the dam away. Still, anxiety seems to have been confined to Rockwood and his assistant, Perry. In the valley there was only praise for the flow of water, except at the New Liverpool Salt Works, at the bottom of the sink, which was being gradually submerged by the overflow. The melon crop excited everybody; freight-car loadings were at a new peak. Rockwood and Heber went to Jersey City for the directors' meeting: Rockwood won. The Southern Pacific was in and Heber was out. Heber returned to organize support in the valley, but his days of glory, tar and feathers were over. He went to Goldfield, Nevada, a fair prospect for a jobless promoter. There he died in a hotel fire, never having laid eyes on his greatest monument, the Salton Sea.

In August 1905 the river took charge in earnest, rapidly caving in the banks of the intake, deepening and widening its new channel. Southern Pacific engineers sought to check it with a dam of pilings and brush mattresses, but on November 30 the Gila River flooded, was swallowed by the Colorado, which in a single angry, red torrent smashed the dam and widened the breach to six hundred feet. The sink was already a vast lake, the New Liverpool Salt Works buried under sixty feet of water which had risen seven inches daily, spreading out until it was over four hundred square miles—an inland sea in the heart of the desert.

The whole Colorado River was pouring into Imperial Valley. Its force washed out the silt of the New and the Alamo rivers as though it were sugar melting. Rapids formed. The rapids grew into cataracts. The cataracts became falls, falls that cut back, upstream toward the river, at the rate of hundreds, even thousands, of feet a day. Widening the barrancas as it deepened them, the river in the space of a few months carried down to the Salton Sea four times as much silt as was excavated in building the Panama Canal. But it was the "cutting back"—not the filling of the sink nor the damage to farms and towns along the widening, crumbling barrancas—that caused the greatest dismay: if the barrancas were cut too deep they would become useless for irrigation and drainage; if the river cut back to Yuma, it would not only destroy the government's new Laguna Dam then under construction, but it might well dredge itself a channel *below* sea level, mak-

SOUTHERN PACIFIC HISTORICAL COLLECTION

Turning the river back to the sea. This view looks north toward Pilot Knob. The river is flowing through a massive breach in its western bank (out of sight to the right). The runaway river was once stopped at this point in November 1906, then fresh floods carried away the levee. Four times the river swept out the piles and trestles before the break was finally sealed in February 1907.

ing it all but impossible to return it to its original channel toward the gulf.

As the intake became wider, Southern Pacific's engineers built a $60,000 barrier dam. When the November flash flood came down the Gila and the swollen Colorado discharged 2.3 million acre-feet of water, the barrier dam was smashed like a broken toy. And now the Salton Sea was lapping against the sixty miles of main Southern Pacific tracks. Five times the track was moved to higher ground.

There were two problems: to turn the river back, or not to turn it back entirely. There was a flood to check, but there would be shriveled crops surrounding an inland sea and thousands of people as well as crops dying of thirst if the river were turned back.

On April 19, 1906, Rockwood was relieved of his duties, and engineer H. T. Cory, aided by Hind and Clarke, took over. In June the crevasse was a half-mile wide and the river, spread out over an eight- to ten-mile width, collected in separate streams as it ran down the slope of the basin discharging into the Salton Sea. Thousands of acres were inundated, and thousands more eroded and furrowed, useless forever. Calexico and Mexicali were partially destroyed. Thirty thousand acres of cultivated land in the western part of the valley were cut off from water, became dry, barren and uninhabitable when the wooden flumes carrying irrigating water were swept down into the Salton Sea.

After six tries, the break was closed on February 10, 1907, all the water again going down the old channel toward the gulf. It had taken 2057 carloads of rock, 321 carloads of gravel, and 203 carloads of clay, all dumped into those swirling waters, to turn the river back. It had taken a labor force of six Indian tribes: Pima, Papago, Maricopa, and Yuma from Arizona, Cocopah and Diegueño from Mexico—four hundred men and their women and children (two thousand in all), set up in camps and policed by *rurales*. And the Southern Pacific Railroad footed the bill. E. H. Harriman was the hero of the hour: he had saved the valley.

Very few settlers were aware of the fact that Harriman had had no choice. As President Theodore Roosevelt pointed out in a fascinating exchange of telegrams with Harriman, the CDC belonged to the Southern Pacific. As parent to the delinquent child, it was up to the Southern Pacific to put Humpty Dumpty back together again. Harriman's denial that the CDC was a Southern Pacific enterprise had a hollow ring. On the President's desk were masses of documentation concerning the CDC and its labyrinthian crosshatch of deals, contracts, lawsuits, and interlocks including, of course, the contract with Southern Pacific which had given the CDC to them for $200,000.

In the long run, Southern Pacific had little to complain about, for being heroes of the flood had paid off handsomely. It had cost them more than a million dollars to put the river back in its old channel. They had collected $700,000 from the government for their trouble. The $200,000 they had "loaned" the CDC was nearly covered by the $171,523.37 worth of notes and mortgages they held. They had sued Rockwood, Heber, Heffernan, Mrs. Rockwood, and Blaisdell and had collected some $270,000 more in capital stock. They had a lawsuit pending against George Chaffey for $900,000. They had repaired and greatly strengthened their tracks and extended them into Mexico. When they sold the decrepit waterworks back to the farmers of Imperial Valley in 1912, they asked for and received $3 million, a sum which did not include the assets of the mutual water companies nor the valuable Mexican lands. For the canal system, drainage system, and equipment, the

people paid $7.5 million more. It was only the beginning of the bond issues needed to keep the water of the Colorado River flowing toward the irrigated farms of Imperial Valley. Was it any wonder that the farmers swallowed their pride, forgot their hostility, and began the long courtship of government which brought about Hoover Dam, Imperial Dam, the All American Canal, and the hydroelectric plant at Pilot Knob? They had paid and paid for a faulty malfunctioning waterworks and for battles with a river which they could not control. They would pay no more—at least very little more.

V

The development of Imperial Valley can be seen from different points of view. It has generally been seen as a struggle against nature, a fight in which the champions of American progress, whatever their occasional personal defects, wrested a new land from the bleak Colorado Desert. Another way that the story might be told, one that has not been done, would be to tell of the "grass roots" development of the valley, the story of the Desert Land Act farmers who themselves built the farm economy of the valley, who cleared the land, planted crops, and turned the water onto the land. These points of view are legitimate enough—but one may ask, "Are they the central, the peculiar, factors in the development of the valley?"

The answer must be no. For the men who organized the California Investment Company, the Delta Investment Company, the Imperial Land Company, the mutual water companies, two separate Mexican companies, and many special-purpose companies related to these were not essentially interested in bringing water to the settlers of the desert. They were interested, rather, in making money on the appreciation of desert lands. Their means of bringing water to the desert were so incidental to their purposes that the raw power of the Colorado River was affronted, and in the disastrous floods of 1904-6 is seen the fitting climax of their work.

As for the hardy farmers who settled the valley—who were they? For the most part, they appear to be energetic speculators, more eager for a quick cash turnover than for a homestead to bequeath their heirs. The very nature of the southern California economic climate and the pitch of the Imperial Land Company promotion tended to draw people who looked for a swift killing, farmers who saw a short and lively future in turning 320 acres of desert into green fields that would bring a hundred dollars an acre. This is why the proposals of the Reclamation Service, proposals which would have brought long-term benefits of the greatest magnitude to the small farmer in the valley, could be defeated by the farmers themselves. To be sure, not all farmers were so shortsighted; to be sure, the more powerful interests in the valley exploited specious arguments against the Reclamation Service; but it is absurd to assume that so many people were dupes where their own closest interests were involved. The majority, at least the majority in terms of influence and energy, were on the side of the quick-buck promoters. "Why can't you leave us alone?" was the substance of their response to the Reclamation Service in 1904.

Yet today, the agricultural economy of Imperial Valley rests upon public works—dams and canals built by the government; and upon public subsidies—crop subsidies, subsidies to lay deep drain tiles to assist in leaching the accumulating salts from the soil, and subsidized technical assistance. These public subsidies were eagerly sought by the independent, self-reliant farmers of Imperial Valley, who so heartily detested paternalistic intervention. For they, better than anyone else, knew that the successful and continuous irrigation of the Colorado Desert required something more than an idea and a desire to make money; they had learned that it required the resources of the entire public.

The price of public subsidy, as set forth in the original Reclamation Act and as confirmed in the Boulder Canyon Project Act (the basis of today's irrigation system in Imperial Valley), is development in the public interest, and these acts have specified that the public interest is served by 160-acre farms. Today, the ownership pattern in Imperial Valley is precisely what one might expect after reading an account of the methods and purposes of its original developers: all but 10 percent of the valley's half-million irrigated acres are controlled by eight hundred persons or corporations, and, as this group is narrowed to the richest four, two, or one hundred, an increasingly more disproportionate share of the land is seen to be in large holdings. But large landholdings do not create the full picture. Leasing of land by agri-industrialists is so widespread that control of Imperial Valley farming by large-scale operators is even greater than the ownership pattern implies.

The heritage of Imperial Valley's misbegetting is an economic and social climate that is almost the complete reverse of the Jeffersonian ideal imbedded in the Home-

stead Act, the Desert Lands Act, and the Reclamation Act—even in the promotional literature that brought settlers to the valley. The events in the history of the valley have imposed an ownership pattern and a social view which demand that the most powerful interests in the valley must fight tooth and nail against the federal government's current (and much belated) effort to impose acre limitations on the use of Colorado River water delivered from Hoover Dam. Again the historic cry is raised, "Why can't they leave us alone?"

[1]One can only shudder at their naiveté. They had allowed $22 million to irrigate 1.2 million acres through their projected dams and reservoirs. Boulder Dam cost $70.6 million; the All American Canal, $38.5 million; and the hydroelectric plant at Pilot Knob, $38.2 million. Interest on these during construction was $17.7 million. Total: $165 million.

[2]The validity of the soil report may be gauged by the fact that in 1920 fifty thousand acres had been abandoned to alkali. By 1941 a hundred thousand acres were empty and more were whitening every year. For twelve million years the river had been dumping the bitter salts of sodium and calcium into its delta. Irrigation brought more salts. Thomas Means, an old man now, who with Garnett Holmes had prepared the government report, lives in Berkeley, California. He chuckles wryly, remembering the reverberations of that report. The last laugh has been his, for, if you dig six feet beneath any one of the Imperial Valley's lush acres, you will find the entire field laced with long tile drainage pipes. Without them the valley would be desert again, rotted with 9500 miles of drains to spew the salt waste into a 1375-mile network of waste ditches leading to the Salton Sea catch basin. The salt disposed of would fill two hundred-car freight trains daily. During the first six months of 1962, 1.9 million tons of salt reached the irrigated acres through the All American Canal, and 2.1 million were flushed out with costly river water.

The on-the-ground historians of Imperial Valley, describing events as they witnessed them or gathered them from first-hand reports, despite an unusual richness of valuable detail, express a remarkably one-sided viewpoint. Thus, David O. Woodbury, *Colorado Conquest* (New York, 1941), F. C. Farr, *History of Imperial County* (Berkeley, 1918), Edgar F. Howe and Wilbur Jay Hall, *The Story of the First Decade in Imperial Valley, California* (Imperial, 1910), J. A. Alexander, *Life of George Chaffey* (New York, 1928), and Otis B. Tout, *The First Thirty Years, Being an Account of the Principal Events in the History of Imperial Valley, Southern California, U.S.A.* (San Diego, 1931), all tell the story largely in terms of heroes whose efforts were thwarted by a hostile U.S. government bent on interference if not on outright sabotage. Included in this group should be L. M. Holt's "Unfriendly Attitude of the U.S. Government Towards Imperial Valley" (speeches, letters, newspaper clippings, and other matters, compiled for the Imperial *Standard*, 1907). This latter document bears a close relationship to contemporary journalistic diatribes against government (see *California Farmer* and *California Farm Bureau Monthly*). All seem to subscribe to the "scapegoat" theory of history. Yet a close reading in which innuendo, skulduggery, and contradictory fact (as between Alexander and Tout) are revealed, does tend to tip the hand of these writers, and the total story emerges inadvertently

But verification of all the facts and a piecing together of missing links can best be gleaned from the government reports:

House Committee on Irrigation of Arid Lands, hearings, 58th Cong., 2d Sess., March 21, 1904. This hearing, the opening gun in the long debate between the seven western states for an equitable division of Colorado River water is of the greatest significance. The hearings also laid bare the inner structure of the CDC and the true goals of its officers, particularly in the testimony of Anthony Heber.

Message from the President of the United States Relative to the Threatened Destruction by the Overflow of the Colorado River in the Sink or Depression Known as the Imperial Valley or Salton Sink Region, Sen. Doc. 212, 59th Cong., 2d Sess., January 12, 1907, includes the fascinating exchange of telegrams between Theodore Roosevelt and Harriman of the Southern Pacific, the actual contract signed by Southern Pacific with CDC, plus the contract between CDC and the Mexican government for the "Third Intake," and a mass of data which Roosevelt unearthed from S.P. officers which further reveals the workings of the CDC, the lawsuits, etc

Southern Pacific Imperial Valley Claim, Private Calendar No. 727, House of Representatives, 61st Cong., 3d Sess., Report No. 1936, January 18, 1911. These hearings on whether or not the Southern Pacific should be paid for work done to control the floods bring to light still further details, particularly the less altruistic motives of the railroad in stopping the flood.

Report of Public Lands Commission on Wozencraft Bill, 37th Cong., 2d Sess., H Doc., (Washington, 1862) is a useful reference if one wishes to pursue the Wozencraft petition to Congress, but it takes on added significance when read in conjunction with: "Address Delivered Before The Mechanics' Institute on the Subject of the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad," (San Francisco, 1856).

Since the story of Imperial Valley cannot be considered apart from the historical background of the Colorado Desert and the geographic role of the Colorado River itself, a whole body of literature relating to these aspects must be examined to place the story in proper perspective. Of them all, the following proved most fruitful:

William P. Blake, Sen. Ex. Doc. No. 78, 33rd Cong., 2d Sess., Vol. V, Part II, *Report for Railroad Survey*, which includes Blake's geographic explanation of the ancient river inundation of the Salton Sink (Lake Cahuilla) and his prediction of a new flood.

Albert N. Williams, *The Water and the Power* (New York, 1951), which contains useful definitions of acre-foot, cubic foot, second feet, and differences in measurement between static and moving bodies of water

Frank Waters, *The Colorado* (New York, 1946), by far the most intimate and live account of the upper and lower basins, the river, the desert, the land above and below the border, the nature of the river's delta, and the people as they relate to both the land and the river.

Edward Higbee, *American Oasis* (New York, 1957), raises questions on the feasibility of dam construction along the Colorado River, as does François Leydet's dramatic *Time and River Flowing* (San Francisco, 1964).

George Kennan, *The Salton Sea* (New York, 1917) contains an excellent description of the delta formation as well as the geographic aspects of the flood.

H. T. Cory, *Imperial Valley and the Salton Sink*, Paper 1270, Amer.

continued on page 79

White Horse (right), together with Woman Heart and other Kiowa chiefs, took his braves into the Staked Plains. There they joined the Comanches for the last fight at Adobe Walls in 1874

INDIAN PORTRAITS: FORT SILL, 1869

By Robert A. Weinstein and Russell E. Belous

When William S. Soule left his Boston, Massachusetts, home in 1869 to photograph the Plains Indians of the Far West, his self-assurance was commendable, and at the same time his unfamiliarity with the problems to be encountered should have been frightening. New to the Far West and even newer to the Plains Indians, he was largely unaware of the way that a people bound to a sorcery culture might regard the taking of photographs of themselves. He was ignorant of the strict prohibitions surrounding the fashioning of a realistic image of a human being in the image-based culture.

In the course of time, he discovered his Indian subjects, and they puzzled him; the Indians—Kiowas, Comanches, Arapahoes, and Apaches—found Mr. Soule, his camera, and his photographic aspirations equally puzzling. To them the process of taking pictures was most bewildering. The engaging Mr. Soule explained that the glass eye in the black box only borrowed one's face and then quickly returned it to its rightful owner, plus the paper copy of it. Plausible as it sounded, the Indians queried, "How many times might a brave lend the black box his face before he discovered that he had lost it altogether one tragic morning?" This bit of intelligent reasoning was never successfully answered.

All photos for this article courtesy the Los Angeles County Museum

And while many Indian men accepted the horrendous risk themselves, they in time enforced strict prohibitions against the participation by their women and children.

We have few photographic or daguerreotype images of Plains Indians before Soule. He was much the pioneer in this effort, and the little evidence available suggests that his work was undertaken not as a commercial project but solely for his personal satisfaction.

A scant four years after the close of the Civil War, the United States was groping toward the development of its western frontier. Land was the key, and the Americans wanted to settle on it, farm it, mine it, and, if possible, own it. The trouble was that various Indian nations owned it, hunted on it, lived on it, and additionally had every legal, reasonable right to do so.

By 1869 the bearers of manifest destiny had descended upon these Indians. Perhaps more important than the land itself, or the wanton slaughter of the buffalo, certain fundamental intentions soon became painfully clear. Deliberate disregard of solemn treaty obligations, trickery in negotiations, outright and repeated lies, sudden and savage physical violence were evidences of the white man's determination to destroy a belief pattern, a cultural heritage, and in the end a way of life and an ethical set of standards both useful and honorable.

The Indians were not slow to resist, and incident and counterincident followed tragically and swiftly. Fort Sill, newly located in the heart-center of the ancient Kiowa tribal land, seemed to the Indians another expression of the willingness of the U.S. government to provide military protection for all those carrying out a brutal program of destruction. The fort was to prove a sore spot, ready tinder for the flame of forthcoming battle. It was to this scene in the hot, dusty summer of 1869 that W. S. Soule, young brother of John Soule, successful Boston studio photographer, made his way with a military party of U.S. cavalry.

Arriving at Fort Sill for the dedication ceremonies, Soule was soon torn between the military demands for his precious few glass plates and his fascination with photographing the many Indians gathered for the founding festivities. Clearly his aesthetic impulses won, for he photographed Kiowas, Comanches, Arapahoes, even Apaches—men, a few women and children—in a métier and in costume closer to their own choosing than required of them by later photographers. His subjects are not the Indians of twenty, or even ten, years later, dressed and posed to demonstrate the Indian as the white man wished to see him.

Although there is no evidence that Soule and his black box were accepted enthusiastically by the Indians at Fort Sill, their cooperation, hesitant and wondering as it was, has enabled us now to see them again. A proud, skillful, defiant people, soon to be faced with the bitter choice to be given them by the march of human events, their likenesses are available in memory for the understanding and honor denied them in life—thanks to the hobby of a young Boston photographer.

Although the Indian world by the 1850's was about to be overwhelmed by an avalanche of white men, the Civil War gave the Indian a few more years of grace. This period also permitted the photographer to go forth with his lenses, camera, tripod, chemicals, glass plates, and wagon to record it all. Did these photographers see their subjects any differently than did the trapper, soldier, settler, ethnographer, or Indian agent of the same period?

Look carefully at the faces of these Indians photographed in 1869 by W. S. Soule at Fort Sill, Oklahoma. Do we see here the result of the usual photographer's request to "smile and watch the birdie"? No, there is no visible humor here. Resignation, perhaps, or hostility, pride, contempt—nearly any descriptive term but enjoyment is admissible, depending on the background of the viewer. Anthropologists will look at these pictures for varieties of physical types, costumes, and acculturative evidences. Military buffs will search them for weapons, army insignia and uniform.

Historians would be concerned with the total view: How do all these elements fit together? Is there really any meaningful pattern in these photographic plates to such visible artifacts as trade tomahawks, moccasins, conch shells, Spencer rifles, ear ornaments, long hair, fur caps, peace medals, bone breastplates, and half-clad women? Did Soule tell his Indian subjects what to wear and how to pose? The anthropologist Julian Steward, for example, in discussing John K. Hillers' later photos of the Paiute and Ute, urges a viewer to use caution in interpreting the pictures. "Not only are many of the Indians obviously posed in artificial stances, but art seems often to have outweighed realism in the selection of objects represented. Thus, a woman in semidress may indicate Hillers' idea of pho-

The sons of Little Raven, a well-known Arapaho chief. He became famous as an Indian peacemaker

tographic art rather than actual use of garments."

Soule's plates, for the most part, seem to reflect the kind of mutual cooperation between a photographer and his subject that we often see, for example, in Mathew Brady's prints of the Civil War. Soule and the Indians he photographed seemingly possessed this kind of temporary immunity to the struggle around them. Somehow the two hostile cultures, Indian and white, were, at least for the length of a time exposure, innoculated against the bitterness and strife. Was it due to the subtle magic of the camera? Is this the answer Soule might have given to our question? Or should we examine, instead, the Indian's attitude toward Soule's photographic efforts? Look at the print of White Bear. He has been described as warlike and arrogant. His portrait, however, would describe him differently: here he is at peace. And who could have imagined that Kicking Bird would be persuaded to sit quietly for his portrait in 1869, in full regalia, when at the Medicine Lodge Creek council in 1867 he appeared in only his breech clout and high silk hat?

So far as we know neither the Comanche, Kiowa, nor Apache asked for, or accepted, favors in return for their posing. Further, there is no evidence of their interest in owning photographic prints; nor can we record any instance, for example, of Lone Wolf offering his portrait, enshrined on a *carte-de-visite*, to George Custer when they met at Sheridan's camp!

The diaries of frontier photographer William H. Jackson, a celebrated contemporary of young Soule, furnish us with some of the only firsthand accounts of the problems of photographing Indians. In a most graphic episode with the Utes in 1874, Jackson relates:

> . they had imbibed some sort of prejudice against our photographic views, and many of them declared openly that they were *no wano*. . . . Then by a little sharp practice we got a capital negative of [Chief] Peah's pappoose. Tried to get the squaw too, but failed as Peah came and took her away. Tried then to get a group from the Agency porch, but Peah and some half dozen others came up . . . taking hold of the camera . . . Peah kept on exclaiming that the Indians *no sabe* picture . . . that it make Indian heap sick, all die, pony die, pappoose die. . . . There was no fooling about him either. . . . Gave it up then.

Where Jackson failed, Soule's remarkable plates show that he succeeded. Perhaps, like any other successful artist, luck was a factor. Unlike Jackson, who managed to travel through Indian areas of relative peace, Soule probably could not have taken these pictures if he had arrived two years earlier, or four years later. As if he knew that he was in the eye of a tornado, Soule had to photograph swiftly to record this moment of calm. In a very real way his Indian subjects reflect their sense that the end was near for themselves as Lords of the South Plains.

That it had begun a century before, only a historian could appreciate. The Comanche knew only that his superb, nomadic horsemanship and his dauntless military prowess served him well in that vast, semiarid land he had won: Oklahoma, Texas, New Mexico, Colorado, Kansas. His name was synonymous for wildness, fierceness, and savagery. He had stopped the Spanish expansion from south and west; he had blocked French plans for trade, and until the midnineteenth century, he had slowed up the Anglo-American advance into his territories. The motives which led the Comanches to go to war have been told and examined until there is perhaps nothing left but to reexamine their faces. Here in these plates we can see their love of fighting, their desire for glory as a means of achieving personal status, and their eagerness for revenge.

The Comanches' hostility, coming full circle, was gradually transferred from their traditional enemies the Utes ("Comanche" comes from the Ute word *Komantcia* meaning "anyone who wants to fight me all the time") to the Spanish, then to the Mexicans whom they habitually raided, and finally to the white settlers and, in the end, back again to the Indian. By the 1850's Anglo expansion had forced the more eastern Indians—the Wichitas, Wacos, Tonkawas, and Lipan Apaches—west into the Comanche range. Perhaps the most serious blow to the Comanches was the arrival of the partly acculturated Delawares, Cherokees, Seminoles, Kickapoos, and Shawnees. In 1853 a numerically superior Great Plains force of Comanches, Osages, Apaches, Kiowas, Arapahoes, and Cheyennes undertook to wipe out the westward moving Indians from the East. The Sauk and Fox, armed with superior rifles, met the defenders near the Kansas River. The result: a humiliating defeat for the Lords.

Centuries of traditional victories were wiped out almost in an instant by an advanced technology. Power was passing from those whose interests were primarily nonmaterial, nonintrospective, unconcerned with the "great scheme" to the materially oriented products of

*A Wichita squaw (left). Possibly unique at creative photographic art. A Kiowa boy—**Tarlo** (right) Trotting Horse*

the Protestant ethic. It was a situation not unlike that which has occurred in many of today's newly emerging nations. Those Indians who accepted and used the results of the growing scientific and technological revolution of the nineteenth century would most likely win. Those who, like the Comanche, failed to accept these results would lose, even though for decades their cultural traditions had dominated the South Plains.

This technological revolution, a great moving force, gaining momentum in the midnineteenth century, fed by the flames of the eastern blast furnaces, seems reflected in the faces of the Indians who sat for Soule's camera. Two years earlier some of these very Indians had met U.S. peace commissioners near the present site of Medicine Lodge, Barber County, Kansas; there, some of these same Indians signed, on October 21, the last treaty ever made with the Comanches, Chevennes, Arapahoes, Kiowas, and Kiowa-Apaches. It was the occasion for one of the last old-fashioned Indian gatherings. Satanta of the Kiowas was the first to speak. He scorned the suggestion of houses or schools or agriculture for the Indian. Ten Bears spoke for the Comanches. He had seen the numbers and wealth and power of the white man on his visit to Washington in 1865. He believed in the friendship and good intentions of the U.S. government. To some extent he understood that this government would be unable to stop the westward drive of its people; he knew that the proposals represented an alternative between refuge on the white man's terms or utter destruction. He pleaded now, however, for time. He asked that the United States leave the Comanches unmolested. Typical of the impressive eloquence and beauty with which many Indians spoke, Ten Bears' speech is a masterpiece of logic and oratory:

> My heart is filled with joy when I see you here, as the brooks fill with water when the snows melt in the spring; and I feel glad as the ponies do when the fresh grass starts in the beginning of the year. I heard of your coming when I was many sleeps away, and I made but few camps before I met you. I knew that you had come to do good to me and to my people. . . . My people have never first drawn a bow or fired a gun against the whites. . . . It was you who sent out the first soldier and we who sent out the second. Two years ago, I came upon this road, following the buffalo, that my wives and children might have their cheeks plump and their bodies warm. But the soldiers fired on us, and since that time there has

been a noise like that of a thunderstorm, and we have not known which way to go. . . . You said that you wanted to put us upon a reservation, to build us houses and make us medicine lodges. I do not want them. I was born upon the prairie, where the wind blew free and there was nothing to break the light of the sun. I was born where there were no enclosures and everything drew a free breath. I want to die there and not within walls. . . .

When I was at Washington the Great Father told me all the Comanche land was ours, and that no one should hinder us in living upon it. So, why do you ask us to leave the rivers, and the sun, and the wind, and live in houses? Do not ask us to give up the buffalo for the sheep. . . .

I want no blood upon my land to stain the grass. I want it all clear and pure, and I wish it so that all who go through among my people may find peace when they come in and leave it when they go out.

The treaty provided that the Comanches and their Kiowa allies should refrain from further attacks on the whites and permit the construction of railroads and military posts. A sedentary life was decreed in a much smaller, restricted area, with the necessary agency, schools, farm implements, and seeds. The Indians made a mark opposite their names, which were phonetically written on the document. It was an agreement, however, which the majority of them never really wanted.

The government agreed to provide annuity goods—blankets, food, and clothing—but it soon proved to be slow in meeting its obligations, mostly in failing to send its troops to protect the agency and to maintain order among the Indians on the reservation. When the first annuity day finally came on December 30, 1868, great numbers of Comanches came into the distribution center at Fort Cobb, on the northern edge of the reservation. To forestall trouble, the military escorted the Indians southward to the vicinity of Medicine Bluff. Here on January 8 the first stake of a new post was set—Fort Sill. Colonel W. B. Hazen located the agency site three miles from the fort, and when Indian Agent Lawrie Tatum arrived on July 1, 1869, the agency became the headquarters for the Comanches, Kiowas, and Kiowa-Apaches.

The end for the Indians was very near; whether they wished it or not, they would soon be wards of the U.S. government. However, so long as game was plentiful and the Indians could secure arms and ammunition from the traders, they could not possibly be kept on the reservation without the use of force. In June 1870 the Comanches sat in council with the Kiowas

Scalped hunter near Fort Dodge, Kansas. Social recognition of war honors came through the practice of "counting ***coup.***" *The* ***coup*** *was an individual exploit, made in any contact with the enemy. Personal confrontation, rather than killing from a distance, was courage of the highest order. Scalping an enemy was only of secondary importance unless it was done under danger.*

during the annual Kiowa Sun Dance. The prevailing sentiment was for peace in spite of a few holdouts to the contrary.

Nearly a year later, in May, somewhere between Jacksboro and Fort Griffin, Texas, a band of dissident Kiowas led by White Bear attacked a wagon train. Here the death of seven teamsters was instrumental in causing the U.S. government to abandon its peace policy, and, in a sense, contributed materially to the end of Soule's star cast: White Bear, Big Tree, Sitting Bear, Kicking Bird, White Horse, Woman Heart, and Big Bow. If the old way of the Indians was not yet gone, it was slipping rapidly away. The old ways died hard. The inability to surrender flamed again in the desperate, nativistic revivalism of 1874, resulting in the battle for Adobe Walls. The final military movements of that year saw a major effort to confine all Indians on their reservations or to kill them.

In April 1875 the last remnants of the Comanches and Kiowas surrendered at Fort Sill. Still to come was the tragic incident at the Little Big Horn, the infamous bloodbath at Wounded Knee, and the opening of the last of the ancient reservation lands to the Oklahoma Territory "boomers" in 1906. For us, however, the story is over. The kinds of cultural change demanded of those we see here was too rapid for most. For some there was no problem. They simply refused to consider a change—and that is what can be seen in their faces.

Most of the wet-plate collodion negatives of W. S. Soule, taken at Fort Sill, Oklahoma Territory, in 1869, have lain undiscovered for almost a hundred years. At the urging of Mr. Soule's sister, some thirty glass plates were printed contemporarily by a friend, Henry G. Peabody, the distinguished pioneer photographer. They were presented to the U.S. Bureau of Ethnology and until now were the only known examples of these negatives. Robert Weinstein's research among Peabody's papers has uncovered some of the missing plates, which total sixty-nine. Many of the photos presented here by THE AMERICAN WEST are published for the first time in their long history.

Cowhands, Cow Horses, and Cows

Astringent and impertinent, witty and wise, what follows has all the pungency of a goat shed during a warm rain. And it has much more. Illumined by an abiding affection, hallmarked by a cultivated mind, it is distinguished by the ineffable qualities possible only to those who have "laid out with the dry stock and watered from a cow track." This caveat is offered in the hope that cultists of the American West may thereby escape the thundering apoplexy induced by hearing unexpected axe blows against the bases of their most cherished totems.

W H HUTCHINSON

BY OWEN C. ULPH

"We who knew the open range in its hey-day and are still living can be counted on one hand," wrote Frank Harris thirty-six years ago. "And who among that small band, except myself, is a writer of any significance?"

With characteristic western bravado, Harris cuts out a regrettable truth. Few cowhands have possessed the inclination, schooling, or talent to serve as their own press agents. In the rare instances in which they have produced them, their sketches of range life have differed significantly from the hackneyed distortions peddled by scribbling hucksters whose knowledge of the elastic market for fanciful opiates and the magnitude of human gullibility far exceeds their knowledge of cowhands, cow horses, and cows. The experience of even serious writers who have eulogized the cattle country has been, at best, marginal and nostalgic. Since my purpose is to depict the cow horse and the range cow from the immediate, saddle-thumping perspective of the calloused buckaroo, a comment on the skull padding and general mental lay-out of this equestrian anarchist is pertinent.

Extensive contact with horses, cows, and cowpokes actually has a corrosive effect on "character" as the term is conventionally construed. Why this is so should be apparent by the time we have covered the rough trail ahead. A blue-ribbon specimen of an honest young puncher who underwent moral deterioration through association with the kind of two-legged and four-legged

companions that are better off dead was the aforementioned Frank Harris, editor, critic, and cosmopolite who pastured himself on the French Riviera and, after an erudite though unsavory literary career, wrote *On the Trail*, a brash revelation of his early years as a cowhand. These reminiscences astonished his associates who, because Harris neither rolled his own nor hung chaps and spurs from a nail in his Mediterranean villa, had never identified him with the range. The authenticity of Harris' memoirs has been questioned by academic experts, but anyone who ever worked cattle would immediately recognize them as genuine. Harris' experiences as a cowhand account for those disreputable qualities in his writing that have been described as spurious, scurrilous, scabrous, and profane. Harris simply never shook off his trail dust. Like most well-peppered cowhands, he remained irreverent toward the values to which those raised under fence pay perfidious homage.

It is customary to portray cowhands as drunken hooligans contemptuous of law and order, but writers who do so are often deceived by superficial facts. The film *Cowboy*, based on Harris' memoirs, showed Reece, the trail boss, splashing boisterously in his hotel tub, a bottle of booze in one hand and a six-shooter in the other, plugging cockroaches off the wall between swigs. This implausible sequence, absent from the Harris original, not only taxes credulity but also robs the cowhand's sporadic outbursts of violence and bouts with the bottle of their ethical and aesthetic components. Cowhands no longer sport shooting irons, but a gun is still an effective instrument of justice.

Gene Daniels, a saddle mate destined for immortality, was once dourly watching a TV Western on a set some misguided philanthropist had rigged up in the bunkhouse under the impression that he was doing the boys a favor. The story was no worse than most such scenarios. The trail-boss hero has delivered the widow's herd to the cattle pens in Dodge City. Proceeds from the sale, of course, are to save the ranch from falling into evil hands. During the night the villain, holding the widow's mortgage, dabs the legs of the cows with bootblacking. In the morning the local health officer pronounces the cattle contaminated with blackleg and abruptly orders the trail boss to remove the herd from town. At this point in the performance, the buckaroo audience in the bunkhouse gave vent to some unprintable utterances. But when the hero fords a shallow Malibu stream and discovers, as the boot polish washes off, that he has been tricked, Gene grimly left the room, returned with a 30.06 and, ignorant of the consequences of exploding a picture tube in a confined area, blew the TV screen to bits.

There was an interval of sepulchral silence, and then Holly Richardson, another paladin of the Fiddleback to be immortalized in my uncompleted epic, *The Leather Throne*, exclaimed, "Dad-gum, Gene, that there pitcher really *did* stink." Henry Steen, in recognition of the simple heroism of the deed, performed the ultimate act of self-immolation. "I've got a quart of Jack Daniels hid in my bedroll, Gene," he announced, "and, by grab, the occasion calls for a drink!"

The shattered TV set reposed in the corner of the bunkhouse for several months before a new owner of the Fiddleback, in an initial frenzied crusade for cleanliness, order, and efficiency, had it hauled to a newly created dumpyard along with tangled tons of old baling wire, a *mulada* of rusty oil drums and assorted fragments of scrap iron that would have added tone to an exhibit of modern sculpture. The cowhands worked at this assignment listlessly. As a breed, they are lean on ambition, but there is a touch of nobility to their disdain for worldly accomplishment.

Despite his tough-minded common sense, the cowhand is no utilitarian. He cannot save his wages and become a cowman without losing caste. The cowman is a rancher and, therefore, a businessman whose outlook is shaped by the balance sheet. A cowhand who found his freedom limited by concern for profit margins would be as discomfited as a yearling with a noseful of quills. The cowhand who has the misfortune to acquire "a little spread of his own" must cease to behave like a cowboy or go belly up. This tragic dilemma confronted my friend Carl V. Haas, who discovered the impossibility of combining liberty and honor with solvency. Such

is the predicament of the contemporary rancher that Haas was forced to corrupt himself further by becoming a financier to secure his position as a cowman. "The drawback to success," said Haas, as he watched the range recede from his life steppe by steppe, "is that a hand is forced to swap the saddle for the mountings." No cowhand in his right mind would want to own the Fiddleback—although he will be brimming with notions on how it should be run.

While the cowhand may have his stock of vices, there is one virtue he cannot affort to be without, and that is an elusive quality called "gumption." On the range, lack of gumption shows up like a fly in the milking pail, and a muddling cowhand sooner or later eliminates himself without help or hindrance from fate or fellows. This is not meant to underrate the influence of chance. Lightning can strike a virgin in church. But since this is something no one has ever been able to do much about, there is no point in useless grousing—which is showing gumption. Gumption lets a hand know how far he can press his luck before he can expect it to run out. When he really has gumption he knows that luck is something that can never be crowded at all.

The *Fiddleback Almanac* maintains that luck operates in one direction—in a hand's favor. The disasters that befall him are those he probably deserves. If he is dozing when his horse steps in a badger hole and he awakens with a broken neck—he had best forget it. The "accident" was a predictable consequence of having carelessly trusted chance. But if he can climb back into the saddle, he should add to his tally of luck. The devil decided to drop his loop, missed his throw, and the hand is living on extended credit. This attitude shows gumption. It is the attitude of most cowhands, and it keeps them agreeable and uncomplaining. They know when they have drawn their wages in advance. They know that everyone uses up his share of celestial beneficence before leaving the weaning corral. They realize that a hand's personal appearance among the living was an improbable event in the first place. They figure they are ahead of the game just to be sitting in on it. They are content breathing fresh air or foul, owing nothing to anyone, and expecting nothing.

Gumption does not demand false modesty, but it does demand a sense of reality and a nose for smelling out humbug. A hand may figure he is "pretty hot potatoes" with a rope and may pride himself on his ability to stick to the back of anything with hair. While these are useful talents to carry in stock, they are not enough to keep him out of a pinewood box because all they require is muscle, guts, and coordination. It is gumption to recollect that the scrawniest piece of buzzard bait that ever chewed hay has got a human outclassed in all these qualities. The cowhand's margin of superiority is thin. The only real edge he has over this four-footed tornado is his gumption, and he has to wear it in easy reach all the time.

II

More nonsense has been written about the horse than has been written about any topic with the possible exception of religion and Shakespeare. While cowhands become convinced that nature designed the human hind end for no other purpose than to occupy a time-tempered old leather hull, this attitude should not be confused with the zealotry of saddle-addled cultists. A cowhand does not *enjoy* riding. With mild provocation, the most unimaginative ranny can become an artist at faking. Rheumatic pains, or aches tracing their origin to legendary saddle injuries, have a habit of showing up in vile weather, and "roping arms" suddenly "go stiff" as the corral dust thickens during an extended *auto da fé* at branding time. In winter the hand will hug the kitchen stove stretching his mug of morning coffee to stave off saddling up as long as the patience of the cow boss will hold out. Since the cow boss is a cowhand himself, he is usually a willing accessory to the vice of "playing the pot" until he shoulders the conscience of the crew.

Stated bluntly, to the cowhand the horse is just an animated tool. Riding for any purpose unrelated to the working cattle seems indecent to him, and no self-respecting hand would go near a horse in town. Strutting a pony around city streets or cantering it along an oiled bridle path protected from a hissing freeway by a twelve-foot chainlink fence would only occur to him in a nightmare. He would seldom be found in a rodeo parade if promoters did not make participation a clause of the contract permitting him to contest. Rodeo parades, according to Gene Daniels, consisting of "assorted frauds clomping along the hot pavement astride powdered palominos, followed by full-feathered mounted contingents of overfed businessmen posing as a sheriff's posse, make about as fool a spectacle as grown folk kin put on."

Horse-struck characters who pay sizable sums to keep some sugar cruncher in a swank stable impress the cow-

hand as being "plumb locoed." Many top hands actually hate horses—with some reason. It is not accidental that hippophilia is limited to urban cultures that have ceased to depend upon this highly unstable beast as a means of locomotion and, consequently, know very little about its perverse habits.

The truth is that horses exhibit, in an exaggerated form, many of the worst characteristics of people. They are greedy, envious, spiteful, malicious, slothful, superstitious, and stupid. They are congenital hysterics and each one is, ominously, a prospective homicide. If horses could talk, they would lie!

A well broken horse is one in which these traits have been partially sublimated, but it is necessary to remember that they are always latent and, regardless of training, the animal will always function on the brink of hysteria. This inclination to spook at the sprint of a jackrabbit from behind a clump of sage or at the screech of an owl in the night is probably the paramount feature of the horse. Hours can be spent attempting to condition him to equanimity by waving a burlap sack or saddle blanket in front of his eyes or clattering pans about his ears. Modest results are attainable if one is prepared to accept the fact that almost any unusual situation will revive the animal's inherent idiocy. A discarded bean can that a horse has not previously seen along the trail will make him balk.

It was impossible to ride Gizzard, a relatively sane old mustang, past a heap of dried-up cow bladders baking in a desert boneyard. After much snorting, head tossing and eye popping on his part, I climbed out of the saddle, dragged one of the odious relics in front of his quivering nose, but still had to lead him reluctantly forward on foot.

Holly Richardson was once descending South Twin Canyon in the moonlight when, rounding a turn in the dark trail, he suddenly found himself staring at a black, brockle-faced heifer. Shiner, a thoroughbred he was riding that should have behaved more in accordance with its aristocratic lineage, let out a screaming nicker, turned tail and bolted back up the canyon. Holly, a top hand, was unable to bring him under control until they had reached the line camp at Roger's meadow.

Despite the fact that horses hate each other more than they hate cowhands, isolate one from the bunch and he will panic if a rider is not along to quiet him. He will race up and down the fence whinnying and looking frantically for an opening through which he can rejoin his despised fellow jugheads. If another horse is not pastured with him and patience is not taken to tuck him into his new bedding ground, he is likely to try to clear any obstruction that hinders him. If it happens to be barbed wire he will cut himself to pieces in unreasoned frenzy where a cow would calmly scrape her way through unscathed. A week later, if still alive and given the opportunity, the horse will repeat the performance. This is intelligence? Some old horses entangled in wire will stand still until a savior appears with wire cutters, but they are exceptional.

A major consequence of hysteria is that a horse, unlike a cow, is always getting hurt. Cows may be susceptible to pinkeye, blackleg, redwater, greenhoof, bluehorn and tailrot, but, except for a tendency to commit suicide grazing along the highways, they are not particularly accident prone. A horse, on the contrary, is almost impossible to keep from trouble. If one were to hobble him in a living room, he would eventually gash pastern or fetlock on the hearth fender. To gamble on rearing a horse from colthood to maturity without having him permanently maim or disfigure himself is to challenge frightful odds. Horse breeders are unflagging optimists.

To watch a newly born colt frisking in the spring grass almost vindicates Disney's mawkish sensibility, and to see a flight of horses, tails bannered, galloping majestically across the unfenced sage is, indeed, a euphoric spectacle. But there are moments when they are rabidly raising clouds of dust and manure inside the corral, crowding, kicking, and biting each other, when one would like to exterminate the lot. At feeding time they fight greedily even when there is more than enough hay for all. No matter how many piles are scattered, each horse will want to devour every stack at once. During roundup it is necessary to tie each animal to the rail individually before putting on the nose bags, which makes feeding a time-consuming chore, especially after a hand has been pounding leather from dawn until dusk.

Barney Manor, a sentimental old hand who should have known better after sixty years of wrangling, once tried a shortcut by attempting to grain the horses without first having tied them. We had sent him loping on ahead to rustle grub for both us and the stock so that we would not have to address ourselves to these tasks in the dark. When we returned to camp, he was stretched out serenely under the willows. We thought he had gone to sleep and were in the act of cussing him out when

we saw the horses tossing a dozen mangled burlap sacks about the meadow. Gene Daniels immediately figured what had happened. Sure enough, when Barney was examined more closely his cracked skull was dunking in a pool of blood. We could not pack him out before morning, but, since he kept everyone awake all night with his wretched groaning, it was evident that he would live.

The cow horse's greed for oats can produce a certain amount of low comedy. Holly Richardson once had a clumsy brute step on his foot while he was shoeing him. The foot swelled so much that Holly could not get his boot on. Determined not to be accused of "goofing off," Holly wrapped his foot in burlap and tied it with baling twine. The horses took the bulky brown bandage for one of the improvised nose bags to which they were accustomed and chased him all over the meadow biting at the injured foot. In perilous predicaments of this sort, no buckaroo would consider coming to another's assistance. It would have been an insult to Holly's honor not to allow him the privilege of extricating himself from his self-created plight. While the roundup crew rollicked with laughter and offered assorted raucous advice and encouragement, Holly managed to get his knife from his pocket, cut the burlap loose and hobble barefooted to the fence, leaving the gluttonous nags to their tug-of-war with the empty sack.

Anecdotes to illustrate the churlish and malevolent traits of cow horses are inexhaustible and can be curtailed, but a cursory comment on the horse's reputed intelligence is essential. While a horse is fundamentally stupid, he is not lacking in diabolical cunning. Even in humans, stupidity and cunning are frequently combined, and it is a common mistake to assume that the latter excludes the former. Intelligence is allied with ethics, and ethics is an aristocratic quality incompatible with cunning, a peasant quality. Consequently, intelligent individuals are handicapped when confronted by cunning idiots unless they recognize that the latter are not entitled to be treated as peers—as was understood in the saner days of feudal society by a ruling class whose wisdom was acquired from extensive experience with horses.

Liberalism, in short, is the first creed to be set aside when dealing with the cow horse which, by no stretch of the imagination, can be considered a noble animal because it lacks an ethical sense and operates on the lowest level of self-interest. One of the most cunning blackguards with whom it was my misfortune to become acquainted was a veteran Morgan whose name must be disguised in the interests of delicacy. Bomber—let us call him—never bucked in the early mornings when he was supposed to and the rider was prepared to be "shook up." He would wait until midafternoon when his rider was languishing, saddle weary, wondering if he would ever make it to the ranch with his bunch in time for the dinner gong. Bomber would pick his moment. Drop a rein and lean forward to retrieve it, or miss the stirrup when climbing into the saddle, or ride him down a precipitous slope, or try to get aboard from the downhill side, or be smothered in a thicket of "quakers" or mahoganies . . .! Bomber knew how to exploit any advantage. It was always his ambition to be ridden by a cowhand with a broken back, but no one gratified him. A horse's malicious, spiteful cunning is something always to be on guard against. A good hand can maintain supremacy by purposeful deception (called by Pavlovian psychologists "conditioned response") and the use of the opposable thumb—which the Hellene Xenophon demonstrated in a perspicacious treatise on the *Art of Equitation* almost twenty-five hundred years ago.

If the reader resents the above allegations as defamation of the character of the "noble steed," he should perform a few simple experiments. Place a new horse in a field occupied by entrenched incumbents, and the old horses will run the newcomer ragged, giving it no peace to graze and lacerating its body with their teeth and hooves. Sympathy for the victim is wasted, however, because it will, in turn, administer the same schoolboy treatment to the next novitiate introduced into the herd. Every bunch has its bully. Remove the offensive troublemaker, and a new one will immediately emerge to take its place. The persecuted are always eager to become persecutors. Every horse should be branded with a swastika.

Nothing that has been said is altered by the fact that most cowhands become attached to some old horse that has served them well. This testifies only to the sentimentality of the hand and not to the nobility of the animal. When a cowhand has ridden a horse for fifteen years over every kind of terrain and in every kind of weather, when he has roped thousands of calves from him, cut and trimmed herd after herd with him, watched the ice form on his nostrils in winter and the lather bathe his hide in summer ("a busy horse is a happy horse"—a bit of ancient lore which was once applied with considerable success by parents to children), it is not strange

that he should lose detachment in assessing the animal's true disposition. The days his horse hid in the buckbrush when it was needed in a hurry, the days when it broke into the barn and almost foundered itself on stolen oats, or sneaked into the hay corral, chewed the bales and demolished the stack, the several instances in which it tore loose from the hitching post, stepped on the reins and snapped them, rolled over with the saddle and busted the tree, got the bit in its teeth and bolted into the swamp carrying him with it, shook with him until his innards rattled, swept him under a mahogany limb, or caused him contusions on both knees as it plunged between a pair of close-growing quakers, stumbled with him (once in the middle of the creek), jammed him into the fence smashing a leg and a stirrup, ate his chaps, pulled its picket pin and left him stranded at line camp to hoof it to the ranch packing his gear—days which, at the moment, made the cowhand feel like pawing dust, become, with the mellowing of time, occasions for senile chuckling. But all the cowhand has to do is get back into the saddle, and the realization that the animal beneath him is an ornery sonovabitch quickly returns. The test that can be said for the cow horse is that it is not a hypocrite and ultimately is preferable company to most humans.

III

Cows have come off a poor third relative to the cowboy and the cow horse in the literature of the West. No one refers to this much-abused stoic as the "noble cow" or "man's best friend." The closest the cow has come to attaining stature and prestige is through the longhorn branch of the family. For the most part it has simply remained "the critter." In recent years Brahma steers have been restoring some luster to the breed, but this is more than nullified by the eradication of horns and the economic incentive to butcher every nonproducing animal by the time it reaches eighteen months, thus making cow punching a tamer craft than it was when four-year-old steers weighing in the neighborhood of fourteen hundred pounds plunged and snorted at the end of the cowhand's rope.

It is not my intent to compose an apologia for the cow which, in most respects, is more obnoxious than the horse, but only to place the creature in proper perspective. Since, directly or indirectly, it is eventually destined for the slaughterhouse, it seems unwarranted to expect reasonable cooperation from this victim of man's carnivorousness. Consequently, the invective and infinite unsavory sobriquets and epithets hurled at the critter by buckaroos outraged by her sullen resistance to her destiny have not seemed deserved. But a cow outfit is not an arena for the enactment of justice.

If, indeed, the cow outfit serves any metaphysical purpose, it is as an enormous stage for the presentation of an unending ironic morality play in which a creature of unrestricted autonomy sits on the back of a creature of feverish volatility and together they struggle to subjugate a creature whose chief characteristic is perverse intractability. So uncanny is the intuition of the cow that it can almost always sense what the rider wants it to do, and do the opposite. The cow's only flaw is that it is so addicted to this course of action that a shrewd hand can turn the animal's perversity against itself.

Gene Daniels maintains, with conviction, that the way to induce cows to eat up old rotten hay is to fence the stack, since any obstacle designed to impede a cow's whim only invites the animal to make an assault upon it. The same fence that cannot keep a cow from the alfalfa field will effectively prevent the cowhand from driving it back out. Ranch dairy cows, despite their docility, are virtuosos at sabotage. The moment their heads are in the stanchions and the process of milking is launched, they will relieve their bladders and defecate effusively. They will wait patiently until the milking pail is full before kicking it over.

Moving a herd of cattle across the flats against a dust-laden wind will convince a cowhand, especially if he is pounding the drags, that a cow covers a shorter distance in a longer time than any form of life that does not sink roots into the sod. No amount of shouting or baking the horse can prod the herd into increasing its pace. A temporary spurt will be offset by a later slack-off. In the mountains, however, where maneuverability is limited and the same cows have horse and rider at a disadvantage, they will exhibit unusual vitality. A small bunch of cows grazing serenely on a sage-covered slope will, on the sudden appearance of a rider, skirt the contour of the hill with unbelievable rapidity—without exceeding a trot. Humping and snorting up the slope to get above them, or crashing over rocks and brush that rake the horse's belly, it is almost impossible to outstrip the infernal critters before they slip over a ridge into an adjacent canyon or disappear into a grove of mahoganies.

One memorable February, Holly Richardson and I

drove two hundred heifers from the home ranch to winter range on Miller's Flat, a distance of approximately a hundred miles. The drive took five days. We settled the herd on water, loaded our horses into a stock truck, and returned to the ranch by the highway. We were awakened the next morning by the harmonious bawling of half the herd outside the corrals. They had cut themselves out from the bunch at Miller's Flat and made the return trip in a single night. Episodes of this sort minimize a hand's sympathy for foot-sore, trail-weary animals.

If one wished to experience exasperation, frustration, and despair in a concentrated capsule, he would need only to take on the task of bringing a brush-hugging bull off summer range in the Toiyabe National Forest. The only time I have been brought to tears since the age of seven was in the course of driving one of these bulking paragons of sullen obstinacy from the head of Reese River across the divide and down the South Twin River to Smoky Valley. Thickets of willow, wild rose, elderberry, and assorted vines imported from hell were so tangled that it was impossible to figure out how any animal larger than a wood mouse could have managed to penetrate them. But this bull did—not once, but a hundred times in every agonizing mile. Gizzard, who normally took brush like a high-speed tank, was useless. It was necessary to dismount, crawl through the undergrowth on foot, and beat the four-footed bigot back onto the trail, hacking at his rump with the rowel of a hand-wielded spur. After hours of this punishment, scratched, torn, bleeding, with twigs, dry leaves, and famished spotted ticks down my back and in my boots, I threw a rope on him and dragged him down the trail an inch at a time. Don't tell me it cannot be done. It has!

In the corral, cows can be equally obtuse. They can blindly hit a stout fence as if it were not there and snap a cedar post as if it were a dried reed. The best corral I have ever seen was at the Campbell Ranch near McDermit. This stockade was built from railroad ties set vertically in a trench of concrete, an eight-foot and a five-foot tie alternately touching each other. The entire enclosure was further reinforced by a double, twisted, three-quarter-inch cable laced tightly across the open spaces between the tall ties and the short ones. It was an inspiring fence! But then I have not seen it since it was used to hold cows.

The best position for a cow is lying flat on its side when two good cowhands have it roped at both ends and have their ponies backing up taut in opposite directions. For extra measure, a couple of sturdy hands from the ground crew should be sitting on neck and haunch to make certain the nooses do not slip. Then a hand can roll a smoke.

A cow is a particularly ungrateful critter. Every time one is pulled from a mudhole she will take after her benefactor the moment she feels hard ground underfoot. The best policy in "bog pulling" is to choke the animal *almost* to death while extracting her. In this way the cowhand has time to remove the rope from her throat while she is still gasping in a daze. It is a thrilling moment between the interval in which the rope has been disengaged and the hand has regained the saddle. On one dramatic occasion, a mean old sister had lodged herself helplessly *in* a water trough. Henry Steen gallantly placed himself in jeopardy wrestling the animal's frantically kicking legs into a position where it could obtain some semblance of Archimedean leverage, with Holly assisting from the back of his horse. Henry was lucky. His only reward was a vicious hook in the ribs and a ripped shirt. It could have been a casket.

Despite their blatant bawling and their readiness to "go on the prod" when disturbed, cows are remarkably insensitive to pain. While being unloaded, one of Carl Haas's steers caught its hoof between the rocking bed of a cattle truck and the chute. Pressed from behind by other steers and goaded by insensate teamsters stabbing it with a hot rod, it pulled its foot off. It limped down the chute into the corral and immediately began to munch hay. Even the toughest Marine will lose his appetite after an amputation without anesthetic. About an hour later the steer died, but it died on a full stomach.

Contrary to general opinion, cows do not all look alike. They possess definite individuality, in bodily contour, facial expression, and temperament. I am convinced by personal observation that cow boss Ed Fisher knew every cow in the Fiddleback herd. Moreover, he can remember animals for years back. Ed could ride through a thousand-head gather and say, "Old Mame ain't here."

Herds also have subtle family characteristics. One of my most puffed-up moments as a neophyte cowhand was when I told Ed I had seen a bunch of Fiddlebacks in Belcher Basin.

"How'd you know they was Fiddlebacks?" Ed asked quietly.

Since figuring out mangled earmarks and reading

brands, blotched, pecked by magpies, and hidden beneath a bale of hair have never been among my talents, I assumed Ed was calling my bluff. "Hell, I don't know," I muttered feebly, "they just looked like Fiddlebacks."

Ed grinned. "They probably are," he said. "If you'd told me they was branded on the left hip and had an overslope on the right and a half-crop and underbit on the left, I'd have had my doubts. We'll go get 'em."

Cows are curious creatures, and to observe their habits closely is more informative than courses in animal psychology. On the range, cows will travel many miles to drink. A bunch will start for the water hole at the same time, stringing out across the sage in single file and rarely pausing to graze along the way. They travel solemnly, with purposeful dedication. They will leave one cow behind baby-sitting with a group of calves. When they return, the patient guardian will take her turn. If a cow is separated from her calf, cowhands do not normally interfere. Cows and calves will "mother up" unless the herd is unusually large and has been considerably smoked and riled. If a cow loses her calf along the trail, the buckaroo will cut her from the bunch. Both animals will find each other at the place of last sucking. Cows face the same direction when grazing. Horses will graze with no uniform pattern. Cows lying in the grass will suddenly get up at the same time. This phenomenon is most apparent at night. These are matters of common cow lore which, while defying rational interpretation, have inspired cowhands to spin interminable extravagant theories around many a potbellied stove and open campfire. Awkward and

Olaf Wieghorst

obstinate as the cow may be, her existence has saved both the cowhand and his cow horse from extinction. Without the blessed cow there would have been no cowboy legend and the "western tradition," forced to depend solely on pious, sod-busting dirt farmers and drunken miners who spent their sober moments down a hole, would have been deprived of most of its color.

IV

For the past half-century, it has become customary to lament the passing of the cowboy, the cow horse, and the range cow, and I am reluctant to join the throng of mourners already attending their wake. One of the greatest human fears is the horror of being buried alive. The trio that has furnished the subject for this discourse can yet be found and as recently as a decade ago was thriving with considerable vigor and in some sections of many Rocky Mountain states. Texas and most of Arizona have long been surrendered to the dudes, but northern Mexico is still a stronghold of fantastic cattle empires. The story is told of a smug California cattle buyer who arrogantly asked an old ranchero from Hermosillo if he could deliver him five thousand head of two-year-old steers. The ranchero lazily rubbed his stubble and replied, "*Si, señor.* What color?"

This brings to mind one final anecdote concerning Carl Haas which is becoming legend in central Nevada. In September 1957, Fletcher Wiley drove up to the RO Ranch in Smoky Valley and addressed Haas, who was then twenty-eight years old, in a condescending tone, "Young man, can you pasture eighteen hundred Brahma steers?" Haas, without hesitating, replied, "Old man, not only can I pasture 'em, I can hide 'em."

Nevertheless, the present irreversible trend toward mechanization and automation in the beef-production industry, together with the ruthless destructive exploitation of the open range by land promoters, is accomplishing the extermination of cowhand, cow horse, and even the cow in its historic role as "the critter." The unrestricted range cow is a different animal from one raised in a narrowly confined field, cut and marked (if at all) in a stainless-steel squeeze pen and fed chemically prepared foods. Few Westerns deal with cowboys who work with cows. Such fiction is, unwittingly, extremely up to date. The only refuge for the displaced cowhand is the local bar where he can exchange tall talk with other outcasts. Let us doff our stetsons to Hud —western hero of tomorrow!

GRANITE BUST OF SITTING BULL CARVED BY FAMED BLACK HILLS SCULPTOR KORCZAK ZIOLKOWSKI

The Fight for Sitting Bull's Bones

The killing of Sitting Bull by Sioux Indian police on December 15, 1890, fanned the fires of the "Messiah War." Two weeks later, there occurred the Wounded Knee tragedy. And sixty-three years later, the whites were still fighting over the bones of Sitting Bull.

On the morning of December 15, 1890, thirty-nine Sioux Indian police and four volunteers crowded the log house of Gabriel Grey Eagle on the Standing Rock Indian Reservation of South Dakota. Gabriel Grey Eagle was an Indian offenses judge, and the men who gathered in his home had come together to take into custody one of the great Indian leaders—camped this bleak morning across the Grand River, just north of the house.

Lieutenant Bull Head held the face of his watch to the firelight. It was four-thirty. "It is time we go to arrest Sitting Bull," he said, and pulled off his hat. "Let us pray to the white man's god."

And so the men bent their heads to pray. Clarence Grey Eagle, the young son of Gabriel, bent his head with the others. But he prayed that the white man's god would not hear Bull Head. He prayed that the medicine of Sitting Bull, his uncle, would be strong and turn away the bullets of these Indian police, these "metal-breasts" with their shining white man's badges.

The police put on their blue uniform coats and stepped into the darkness. Clarence faced his father. "You do not go to help the husband of your sisters?"

Gabriel Grey Eagle was slow to answer. "My hand has always been held out to Sitting Bull. I can do no more."

"Will harm come to him? Bull Head is his enemy."

"You have heard Bull Head's words to the police."

Clarence had heard them. He had heard that Sitting Bull might be trying to leave the Grand River for the Pine Ridge Reservation to the south, and that the Standing Rock Indian agent, James McLaughlin, had sent the Indian police to prevent his leaving. But Clarence knew that there was more to the story than that. In the years after the Battle of the Little Big Horn, Sitting Bull had retained his fierce Sioux pride. "God Almighty never made me an agency Indian," he had said. "I never will be one." That pride and the pride of his followers had withstood the steady deterioration of the Sioux people and their increasing dependence on the white man. It had been reinforced when one Kicking Bear had returned from a pilgrimage to faraway Nevada, where lived the Paiute prophet, Wovoka. To Sitting Bull and to his people, Kicking Bear had related the wonderful vision which had come to the prophet. In his prayer circle on a mountaintop, Wovoka had seen the earth swallow all the whites, the plains blacken with buffalo, and the Indians' loved ones come down from

their burial scaffolds and walk the earth again. All these things would come to pass, Kicking Bear said, if the Indians danced the dance and sang the song told to Wovoka in the vision.

It was said that Sitting Bull viewed the prophecy with skepticism, but he had given his consent for the dance and the song to be performed by his people. From the Standing Rock Reservation the dance had spread like a wind-whipped prairie fire to other reservations. Day and night, the Sioux sang and danced to bring back the old life. And as they danced, the white man's army surrounded the reservations in fear of a general rebellion.

The army feared that Sitting Bull would provide a unifying strength to the scattered Sioux people and inspire them to rise up once again against the white man. This was why Sitting Bull could not be allowed to journey south to the Pine Ridge Reservation. The Indians themselves were divided. Tension had filled the air day after day, and the passions of the people were

BY DABNEY OTIS COLLINS

strained to the breaking point. Those who had embraced the white man's god and the white man's law in despair and apathy looked upon the ghost dance in fear of what the white man would do. Those who followed the leadership of Sitting Bull responded with an even fiercer dedication to the fervor of the dance and the ghost song. Differences of opinion had grown into bitter enmities. None were more bitterly opposed to Sitting Bull than Lieutenant Bull Head and his Indian police.

The time had come for the two factions to meet.

The boy Clarence waited until the receding hoofbeats left behind only a strange empty stillness. Pulling on his buffalo coat, he raced to the barn and threw a bridle on his pony. As fast as the horse could go, he followed the dim shapes ahead.

When Clarence Grey Eagle began this ride of about an hour to Standing Rock Reservation on the bleak morning of December 15, 1890, he was sixteen. By the time the chain of events set in motion by his ride reached its last link, he would be seventy-nine. The ride created within him a mission that shaped his life. There would be empty years, black with despair. His native simplicity and directness of action would be pitted against the white man's forked-tongue law. He would become lost in the maze of their scheming to make money from the dead. His dedication of purpose would result in a two-state controversy on which was spotlighted the attention of the nation and many parts of Europe.

The road crossed the ice of Grand River, twisted beneath the spectral limbs of the cottonwoods. In the slowly growing light, the tepees of Sitting Bull's followers made a ragged line along the river. Clarence Grey Eagle stopped his pony in the brush opposite Sitting Bull's log house.

Lieutenant Bull Head was quietly stationing his men around the house and the corral. He opened the door and went in. Six police followed him. No sound came from the house. A Sioux warrior glided past Grey Eagle on silent moccasins, then another and another.

The road in front of the house stirred with blurred shapes of men and women. As the boy watched, Sioux armed with clubs, rifles, knives, tomahawks—a mob of perhaps one hundred fifty—washed up against the hated metal-breasts, pinned them against the walls. Sioux against Sioux. The militarily trained police held back the charge at port arms. Suddenly all were still.

Sitting Bull came through the door. He was partly clothed. Bull Head gripped one of his arms, Sergeant Red Tomahawk the other. Close behind was Sergeant Shave Head. In the house a woman wept.

The old chief paused in his step and looked at his people. He told his wife, Pretty Feather, to bring his town clothes. She went toward Sitting Bull's small house, moaning softly. It was light now. Grey Eagle slid from the pony and crouched in the brush.

Bull Head assured the chief that no harm would come to him. After the agent talked to him, he could come home. Sitting Bull agreed to go, but only on his gray horse. The trick horse Sitting Bull had ridden in Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show was led to the house. (The Sioux chief had left the show after enduring two years of hoots and jeers when introduced as the murderer of Custer's Seventh Cavalry. Bill Cody had then given him the horse.)

The ghost dancers crowded around their chief, pleading with him to stay with them, warning the police not to take him away. Crowfoot, Sitting Bull's handsome,

scornful, seventeen-year-old son, stood tall and proud in the doorway.

"You call yourself a great chief, yet you let these metal-breast dogs of Sioux drag you from your bed." Crowfoot's taunt dropped into the silence like bullets from a Hotchkiss gun. "What will your people think now of the mighty Sitting Bull?"

The old man stood silent. The ghost dancers pressed closer, pleading with him not to leave them. Crowfoot continued to taunt and ridicule. From his hiding place, Grey Eagle saw Bull Head's mortal enemy, Catch the Bear, rifle slanted across his breast, pushing his way forward. Bull Head held out the reins of the gray horse to Sitting Bull. "We ride now," he said.

Sitting Bull lifted his head. "No," he said, "I will not go."

A great shout rose from the people. They rushed upon the police. As he fell from Catch the Bear's bullet, Bull Head's pistol pumped lead into Sitting Bull's chest. The chief did not fall, not until Red Tomahawk crashed a ball into the back of his skull. Lone Man twisted the rifle out of Catch the Bear's hands, clubbed him with the butt, and shot him. In a single heap lay Bull Head, Sitting Bull, and Catch the Bear.

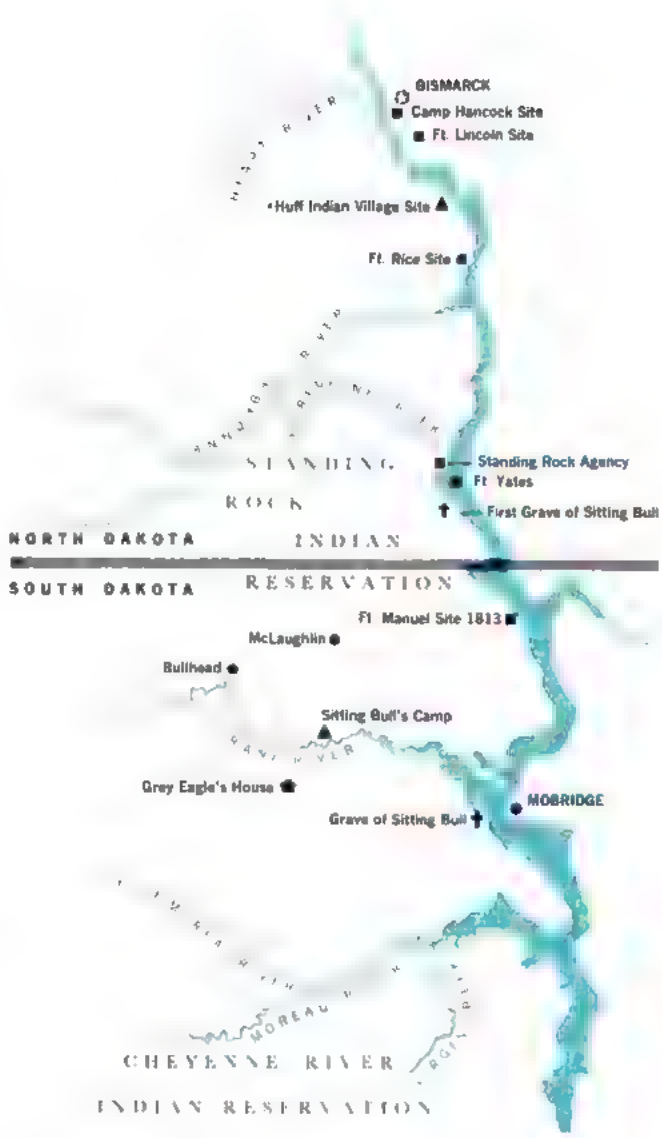
These things Grey Eagle saw clearly; it was like lightning striking. The remainder of the savage hand-to-hand fight was a blur of surging bodies, flashing blades, and bursts of gunfire. The shouts and screams were no longer human. Somehow the cry came through:

"Look! His spirit has entered the horse!"

The fight stopped. Every eye fixed on the gray horse, untouched, though two horses lay dead. The horse sat on its haunches, pawing the air, first with one foot then with the other, gracefully bowing its head and going through its tricks, as if this were Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show and the Indians were making a sham attack on a stagecoach.

The terrified ghost dancers ran toward the river. The police took refuge in the house, sheds, and corral. One rode swiftly northeast on the gray horse. From the shelter of the cottonwoods, the ghost dancers opened a steady fire on the besieged metal-breasts. Sixteen men lay in the road, eleven of them dead. Bull Head was carried into the house. A fist knocked Crow Foot through the doorway. Three policemen leaped outside and emptied pistols into his face.

Bullets sliced through the brush in which Grey Eagle



lay. After a time, shells began to burst close to the log house. He heard the distant boom of cannon. That rider—he had carried Bull Head's call for help to the soldiers. But something was wrong. The soldiers were shelling the metal-breasts. One rushed out of the house waving a white window curtain. Soon the shrapnel began to rattle among the cottonwoods. Sitting Bull's followers ran into the hills beyond the river.

The "blue-coats" came, and with them an ambulance and spring wagon. Over the body of Sitting Bull, his widows, Pretty Feather and Her Brown Robe, wailed the death song; the unearthly sounds tingled Grey Eagle's scalp. A big Sioux pushed the women aside, snatched up a neckyoke, swung it smashing into Sitting Bull's face.

"Damn you!" a soldier shouted, "can't you see he's dead?"

The Sioux pointed to a dead Indian policeman. He dropped the neckyoke and walked away.

Four soldiers picked up the chief's body. "Don't take him away!" screamed the women. "Leave him here! He belongs to us."

But they laid the body in the wagon and piled the dead policemen on top of it. Bull Head, Shave Head, and the third wounded policeman were lifted into the ambulance, while wailing women and shouting men pleaded with the blue-coats not to take their chief away.

Her Brown Robe followed the wagon forty-five miles to Fort Yates on the eastern edge of the Standing Rock Reservation. From her, Grey Eagle later learned of the burial. Bull Head and Shave Head had also died. After a funeral service in the post chapel, the six slain policemen were buried in the Standing Rock Agency cemetery. A "black-robe" talked from the Book. The blue-coats fired three volleys over the graves, then one of them played a silver horn.

Afterward, Sitting Bull was taken from the dead house. He was sewed up in canvas, put in a wooden box, and hauled three miles south of Fort Yates and the place where the metal-breasts and the soldiers were buried The box was lowered into a grave and prisoners shoveled dirt onto it. Then they went away.

Her Brown Robe's story cut Grey Eagle deeply. This was not how Bull Head had told his father that Sitting Bull was to be treated—killed, then dropped into a hole far from home. Even after the awful Wounded Knee Massacre two weeks later, when the blue-coats shot down some two hundred Sioux men, women, and children, the boy brooded over his uncle's burial. Some way must be found to bring Sitting Bull home to his people.

Three years later, a delegation from the dead chief's many relatives went to Fort Yates to request permission for the removal of his body. Grey Eagle was among them. And he learned a lesson: the Indians, by themselves, could do nothing. The agent had ten answers ready for their every question.

The years rolled on, bringing the iron horse, towns, and more whites to plow up the earth. But for Grey Eagle the old way of life had died at Wounded Knee. The last hope of his people had been the ghost dance. Now there was nothing.

Grey Eagle had never learned the white man's tongue. Aided by the government ration allowance, he scratched a living from his reservation patch of ground near Bullhead. Once in a while he visited the weed-grown grave of Sitting Bull.

In 1908, when he was thirty-four, Fort Yates was abandoned as a military post. Bodies of the soldiers and Indian police were removed to Keokuk, Iowa. Sitting Bull alone was left. Shortly afterward, a movement was begun in Bismarck, North Dakota, to have the remains of the famed chief removed to that city—for commercial purposes, it was rumored. This news, carried by Indian messenger, spread consternation and anger among Sitting Bull's kin.

Grey Eagle was instrumental in leading a delegation of them in an appeal for help to the South Dakota Historical Society at Pierre. Executive Secretary Doane Robinson, who was later to gain fame as creator of the idea for Mount Rushmore, was no admirer of Sitting Bull. But he knew the Sioux and he was a fighter for human rights. Doane Robinson stopped the plans for removal. And the society sponsored the introduction of a bill in Congress providing for a reburial and the building of a monument on a site near Sitting Bull's home on Grand River. The bill died in committee.

Thirty years went by. At least once in each of these years, Grey Eagle took the long trail to the grave of his uncle. In the year 1938 he accompanied One Bull, adopted son of the chief, on a visit to the superintendent of Standing Rock. One Bull made his talk. The spirit of the great Sioux was lonely. He wanted to be among his own people, in the land where he had lived and died. The agent listened. Grey Eagle made his talk. He knew that his words were as dead leaves dropping from a tree upon the snow.

On another trip, he tried to induce North Dakota officials to erect a monument to Sitting Bull and take care of his grave. The state had no money for this purpose, worthy though it was, he was told. The matter would be taken up with officials in Washington.

More than ever now Grey Eagle was convinced that the Indians alone could never get Sitting Bull moved. They must have the white man's help. This he knew. Beyond this, there was no trail. He waited—and waiting, grew old.

In the winter of 1953, the small, steady glow of his hope brightened. For years the Army Corps of Engineers had been harnessing the Missouri with giant dams.

When the fourth and latest dam, the Oahe at Pierre, was completed, it would back up water into North Dakota. The one-hundred-twenty-five-mile lake, said the engineers, would flood Sitting Bull's grave. Grey Eagle hurried to see a white man, his friend Walter Tuntland.

Young Tuntland had been a trader on the Standing Rock Reservation and a storekeeper at Fort Yates. He was now president of the Mobridge, South Dakota, Chamber of Commerce. And he was familiar with the old Indian's long struggle for Sitting Bull's reburial.

Would Tuntland help him get the body? Tuntland nodded yes. When Sitting Bull was brought back to South Dakota, would a big monument be built for him? The lawyer did some fast thinking. Here was a sure-fire tourist attraction offered to his town. If Mobridge did not take it, some other town would. But a monument would cost money. Tuntland decided to take the chance. He motioned to the interpreter to assure Grey Eagle that the monument would be built over the grave.

Grey Eagle was handed a paper giving him power of attorney to claim the body when signed by descendents of closest kin to Sitting Bull. Figuring this out would take time. The old Sioux had had several wives, his descendents were many and scattered. Finally, it was decided that the closest of kin were the daughters of Pretty Feather and Her Brown Robe. They lived, or once lived, on the Pine Ridge and Rosebud reservations.

Grey Eagle left with Tuntland's promise that the white man would not try to make money out of his uncle's bones.

Tuntland and Julius Skaugh, a lawyer and active worker in Mobridge Chamber of Commerce activities, called a meeting of prominent townsmen. It was explained that the statutes of both North and South Dakota provide that the next of kin has claim to the remains. The meeting ended with the formation of the Dakota Memorial Association and its authorization to erect a monument, carved of South Dakota granite by famed Black Hills sculptor Korczak Ziolkowski, the cost of which was $15,000.

Grey Eagle came back with the granddaughters' signatures on his paper. Their names were Nancy Kicking Bear, Sarah Little Spotted Horse, and Angelique Little Spotted Horse LaPointe. Grey Eagle made his mark on the Dakota Memorial Association contract for the erection of the monument. Tuntland called in another friend, Ray Miles, a mortician licensed in both Dakota states. The mortician and Grey Eagle set out for Bismarck to obtain a disinterment permit. The date was March 20, 1953.

On the way, they turned off the highway onto a dirt road that, the weatherbeaten sign said, led to Sitting Bull's grave. It was a desolate sight, the rough concrete slab in the crowding sagebrush. Grey Eagle pulled off his hat and swept away some of the rubbish.

Miles stopped at Fort Yates to pick up the agency's interpreter, and here he met Agent Charles Spencer. So far as he was concerned, Spencer said, old Bull's kinfolks ought to have the final say about where he was buried.

In Bismarck's Capitol, Ray Miles spoke to the girl at the front desk in the vital-statistics department. "Here's a disinterment permit I'm handling for this old Indian."

The girl's look at the permit fixed on the name of the deceased. "Just a minute." She got up from the desk, went into the adjoining room and returned with a serious-looking man. He nodded to Miles. "I'm Dr. Russell Saxvik." He bent over the burial permit, read aloud, "Tatanka Tyotake," and turned to the girl. "Well? It looks all right to me."

She smiled. "Don't you know who that is? That's Sitting Bull!"

The health officer straightened quickly. "What kind of trick is this, Miles?"

"No trick, doctor. Everything's in order and legal. Here's Grey Eagle's power of attorney from Sitting Bull's three granddaughters. They're the closest of kin. And here's about a hundred more names of his relatives and friends on these petitions asking for him to be buried at his old home."

Saxvik glanced at the papers. "Who's back of all this?"

"Why, Grey Eagle. Spent his whole life at it."

"The papers seem to be in order. But I won't sign the permit."

"Why not, doctor? Even Charley Spencer told me the closest heirs have claim to the body. Besides, it's the law."

Dr. Saxvik handed the papers back to Miles. "This is a matter for the state historian to decide."

When Grey Eagle heard this, he faced the health officer squarely. "His grave will be covered with water. It will have to be moved."

"You'll have to talk to the state historian," Saxvik repeated.

Miles, Grey Eagle, and the interpreter went into the office of Russell Reid, North Dakota state historian. He listened in polite silence. "What you ask is entirely out of the question," he stated. "Sitting Bull is a national figure. North Dakota will not give up the body."

So began the bitter fight between the sister states over the dead Indian whom both had regarded as a dangerous renegade.

Scarcely were Miles, Grey Eagle, and the interpreter out of his office, when Russell wired North Dakota's senators and congressmen of the threat of losing Sitting Bull. He alerted Governor Brunsdale and the Greater North Dakota Association. He contacted federal officials of the Standing Rock Reservation at Fort Yates.

In Mobridge, Tuntland rushed letters to the U.S. Military Department and the Department of the Interior, requesting clarification of their positions in regard to the removal of Sitting Bull's bones.

South Dakota Governor Sigurd Anderson wrote Brunsdale: "Such property as is the remains of a deceased person is vested in the next of kin then living, by both the common law and the statutes of North Dakota." The North Dakota governor fired back his answer: It was not for a state to decide on the removal of Sitting Bull's bones. The matter lay entirely within the jurisdiction of the federal authorities.

Newspapers on both sides of the boundary line were having a field day, with overtones of the Battle of the Little Big Horn.

Awaiting a ruling from Washington, Tuntland received another kind of news: one of the granddaughters had sold out to Rapid City, South Dakota. He sent for Grey Eagle, who persuaded the erring granddaughter that she should not accept the white man's money. In his attempt to restore unity among the descendents, he pointed out that there would be no memorial unless they could agree where it should be placed. He heaped scorn upon the white men who, in their greed for money, created dissension among the chief's kin.

Upon his return to Mobridge, Tuntland broke the news from Washington: the Military Department had no jurisdiction in the matter. The Indian Department, however, had made a ruling that the heirs had the right to the body of Sitting Bull. At the same time, the department hedged, it had no wish to overrule the authorities of North Dakota. The issue remained unsettled.

"Too heap talk," Grey Eagle grunted. A few nights afterward, on March 31, he and a wagonload of diggers decided to remove the body themselves. Superintendent Spencer sent them home with an empty wagon.

Grey Eagle waited, as he had waited all his life. He stood patiently on street corners waiting, as some said scornfully, for the buffalo to come back. Once in a while, a fellow tribesman who could read told him of the charges and countercharges flying between the sister states. Grey Eagle had no wish to keep pace with what he called "the white man's tricks." All he had ever wanted was to bring his uncle home and have him laid to rest as a great chief should be.

Slowly, the man-made lake formed by Oahe Dam climbed higher up the banks of the Missouri, spurring competition for the prize soon to be awarded to some lucky town.

Aside from Rapid City and Mobridge, five other towns had made bids for Sitting Bull's remains: Bismarck, Sturgis, Fort Yates, McLaughlin, and Bullhead, Grey Eagle's home. The competition reminded sculptor Ziolkowski of a quotation three thousand years old: "Seven cities claim the mighty Homer dead, where once poor Homer begged for bread."

The rumors thickened. Sitting Bull's body was not in his grave; it had been dug up and taken into a dissecting room in the post hospital. Yes, it was in the grave; a young man had left a dance at the post, stolen to the grave, and dug up a thigh bone. A plot was afoot to sell his bones to a street carnival. A Bismarck merchant had offered $1000 for the chief's skin, intending to tan it and sell bits as tourist souvenirs. Another rumor was that the bones had been destroyed by quick lime and muriatic acid poured over them at the time of burial.

Unable to wait any longer, Grey Eagle decided to make one more trip to Bismarck, this time to call on the governor himself. He showed Governor Brunsdale the letters received by Tuntland from the U.S. Military Department, Indian Service, and Department of the Interior. After reading the letters, the governor explained to the old Sioux that the attorney general of North Dakota had ruled that the decision in this matter rested with the federal authorities, not with the heirs. The governor would abide by this ruling.

Meanwhile, Tuntland had received good news. The Department of the Interior, which had supervision over Indian affairs, finally ruled that the department would

interpose no objection to the removal of the remains from the grave if the heirs decided upon such a removal. The agent at Fort Yates had been sent a telegram to this effect.

Grey Eagle smiled. "We go get him."

It was the night of April 8, 1953. While a grave was being dug on the site across the new reservoir from Mobridge and not far east of where Sitting Bull had met his death, Ray Miles and Grey Eagle headed for Fort Yates in the mortuary's hearse. Behind them came a truckload of Indian diggers. The party reached the grave just before dawn. A chain, hooked to the rear of the truck, was fastened around the foot-thick concrete slab. Grey Eagle signaled the driver to go ahead. The slab was dragged off and the digging started. At a depth of six or seven feet, the shovels struck bones. They were in an advanced stage of decomposition. The crushed skull was almost completely deteriorated. The wooden coffin was rotten. Carefully, the diggers placed the bones on a blanket. When all were recovered, they were placed in the hearse. The hole was refilled and the chief's remains were hurried over the border into South Dakota.

Beside the new grave stood a small, silent group of men, a stack of steel rails, and a slowly revolving cement mixer. The reburial was done swiftly, thoroughly, and without ceremony. Sitting Bull was home at last.

"South Dakota Ghouls Steal Sitting Bull's Bones!" screamed a Bismarck newspaper. "Grave Robbers," "Vandals," "Kidnappers of the Dead"—the cries echoed across the Dakotas, the nation, the waters.

In the midst of the charges of vandalism and threats of reprisal, a North Dakota paper broke a big story: More of Sitting Bull's skeleton and other mortal remains were left in North Dakota soil than the "grave robbers" snatched. The raiders had taken away not more than twenty-five of the two hundred seven bones making up the human skeleton. Natural decay and disintegration had mingled the body and most of the bones with North Dakota soil. Here they would always be. There was nothing to prevent North Dakotans from erecting a shrine to Sitting Bull on the site of his desecrated grave.

North Dakotans did not rise to the challenge.

Back home in Bullhead, Grey Eagle waited for the final act in his lifelong struggle to honor the memory of his famed kinsman—the dedication of the monument on September 2.

The Chamber of Commerce committee was hard at work planning a celebration to be remembered. Indians from all Dakota reservations, from Montana, Minnesota, Wyoming and Nebraska—some five thousand—were invited to compete in tribal games and dances in the ten-acre park. There would be prominent speakers, but Governor Brunsdale would not be among them. Nor would Dr. Saxvik. Sculptor Ziolkowski sent his regrets; he had taken exception to Governor Anderson's remark that his colossal statue of Crazy Horse in the Black Hills was nothing but a tourist gimmick.

Someone in Aberdeen, it was said, was inspired to compose a song. Four thousand copies were run off for the Dakota Memorial Association. Its premiere would be at the dedication. Name of the song: "Sitting Bull Is Sitting Pretty Now." It was suggested that the name of Mobridge's main street be changed to "Sitting Bullavard." A saloon invented the "Sitting Bull cocktail." The five-ton granite bust was hoisted upon its base.

When the big day came, Grey Eagle followed the band, banners, and holiday crowd. The three granddaughters, standing proudly in front of the statue, were photographed with the governors of South Dakota and Oklahoma. Grey Eagle was not asked to stand up and have his picture taken. In the speeches his name was scarcely mentioned. Except to a very few, he was just another old Indian living off the white man's taxes.

Grey Eagle lived to be ninety-one, long enough to learn that, contrary to estimates of the engineers, the lake formed by Oahe Dam did not reach Sitting Bull's old grave. The bones did not have to be moved, after all. The spirit of the wise old chief must have known this all the time. His medicine was still strong. Even after he had been dead for sixty-three years, Sitting Bull's medicine could keep the white men fighting over him.

Source material for this article includes North and South Dakota newspapers, correspondence with Dakota newspapermen and historians, and several histories of the Sioux. During the three years in which the author wrote the travel promotion for the state of South Dakota, he did extensive traveling within the state, became acquainted with some of the men who have made a study of this incident, and visited the site of Sitting Bull's camp on Grand River.

"Frankie and Johnny" *continued*

"Disgraceful? I'll say it was disgraceful," Catlin replied in hearty agreement. "Walter, I missed that son of a bitch three times!"

All day you could hear the cowpunchers loading the Turkey Track shipment in the pens at the railroad siding, hear their Indian-like yells, and through the circling dust see their arms raised, swinging coiled ropes and hats in the slanting sunlight. I boarded the red caboose carrying about thirty pounds of Doctor Collingwood's textbooks and with my saved fortune in my hip pocket where Mrs. Osgood had sewn it for me with the irrefutable remark that "there, by God, you can't lose your money unless you lose your pants."

Two of the Turkey Track's top cowhands came along for the ride and to take their first look at the country that lay beyond their native range. The three of us lived in the caboose, taking turns cooking ham and eggs and sleeping in relays, sharing the bedrolls. My companions maintained a wary skepticism about everything that was new to them, watching the country unroll from their perch on a cattle car as we dragged along. Bored by the time we reach Minnesota, they took to shooting at the farmers' dogs that came out and chased the train.

At dusk one evening, Curley Taylor, Arnett's foreman, busy poking up the fire in the caboose stove and fixing the coffee, began to sing "Frankie and Johnny" softly to comfort and reassure himself, and I was suddenly assailed with that unaccountable sadness that overwhelms you when you leave familiar surroundings, when you are young and are struck by the first intimation that you are leaving the days of your youth.

I said goodbye to my companions in a dirty street near the stockyards. They looked lost and forsaken, their proud, carefree spirits daunted by the hurrying impersonal crowds, the enclosing brick walls, the tangled traffic. We shook hands warmly. "Well, good luck, kid, and I hope you make it," Curly said. "We've seen enough. We're heading home in thirty minutes—if we can locate that depot." They walked off down the street, tiptoeing awkwardly in their riding boots. They disappeared; and the Old West disappeared with them, for me. But it lives again for a brief moment whenever anyone, anywhere, sings about Frankie and her red kimono. Incidentally, in the song, "kimono" was always pronounced "ky-mono." It's just as well to keep the record straight.

Imperial Valley *continued*

Soc. Civil Engineers (San Francisco, 1915), describes the engineering problems encountered in battling the flood.

Zoeth Skinner Eldredge, *History of California*, Vols. III and IV (New York, 1915), contain good accounts of the history of the desert and Bernard DeVoto's *The Course of Empire* (Boston, 1952) of Alarcón's encounter with the Indians along the Colorado as well as those of the other Spanish explorers. For an intimate first-hand report of Alarcón's journey, *see* Fray Francisco Celiz, *Diary of the Alarcón Expedition Into Texas*, translated by Fritz Leo Hoffman (Los Angeles, 1935).

Remi A. Nadeau, *The Water Seekers* (New York, 1950), places Imperial Valley in the context of the entire Southwest's battle for the "last water-hole" and is particularly valuable in providing a southern California contrasting backdrop for the desert development. An important chapter deals with the Mexican problems related to Colorado River water.

For an understanding of the acre-limit strictures of reclamation law, its enforcement and lack of enforcement, required reading are the papers of Dr. Paul S. Taylor, professor emeritus of economics, University of California, Berkeley, who was consultant to the office of the Secretary of the Interior and Bureau of Reclamation successively between 1943 and 1952. The following papers are of special significance:

"Excess Land Law. Secretary's Decision? A Study in Administration of Federal-State Relations," *U.C.L.A. Law Review* (Los Angeles, October 25, 1961).

"Excess Land Law: Calculated Circumvention," *California Law Review* (December, 1964).

"The Excess Land Law: Legislative Erosion of Public Policy," *Rocky Mountain Law Review* (June, 1958).

"Destruction of Federal Reclamation Policy? The *Ivanhoe* Case," *Stanford Law Review* (December, 1957).

"Acreage Limitation Policy, Study Prepared by the Department of the Interior. Pursuant to a Resolution of the Committee on Interior and Insular Affairs," U.S. Senate (Washington, 1964) in which is set forth the history of the laws, regulations and policies of the federal government respecting limitations on the delivery of water from federal projects to lands for irrigation purposes and which contains as well the published and official viewpoint of the Secretary of the Interior Stewart L. Udall

Committee on Interior and Insular Affairs, U.S. Senate, "Westlands Water District Contract," hearing July 8, 1964, 88th Cong., 2d Sess., (Washington, 1964) containing all arguments for and against Central Valley Project's Westlands Water District Contract on the question of recordable contracts agreeing to acre-limit enforcement.

As specifically related to Imperial Valley, *see* "Applicability of the Excess Land Laws Imperial Irrigation District Lands," M-36675, opinion rendered by Frank Barry, solicitor, Reclamation Service, December 30, 1964 (mimeographed, and obtainable from the Department of the Interior). In addition to the legal opinion, this document contains the entire history of the Ray Lyman Wilbur "ruling" upon which Imperial Valley bases its claim for exemption from acre-limit enforcement

See also, Father James Vizzard, "The Water Poachers in The Imperial Valley," *Congressional Record*, Appendix A1007 (Washington, March 8, 1965), an appeal for acre-limit enforcement in Imperial

About the Authors

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D. H. Edmonds, *in "Frankie and Johnny," writes about life and the people of the small northern Montana cow towns where he lived from 1906 to 1910. When ill health caused him to abandon medical school, he moved to San Francisco where he made a career in the construction business. Retired now, he spends much of his time traveling, writing, and reading.*

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Helen Hosmer's *knowledge of California farming dates back to the "Grapes of Wrath" days, when as a student at the University of California at Berkeley she worked for the Department of Agriculture and later as a recent graduate, worked for the Farm Security Administration setting up camps for migrant laborers. One of the organizers of the Simon J. Lubin society, she published* The Rural Observer *and such special reports as "Who Are the Associated Farmers?" After a twenty-five-year career as housewife, mother, and radio writer, she has again turned her attention to California farming and is now director of the research committee for the* California Farm Reporter.

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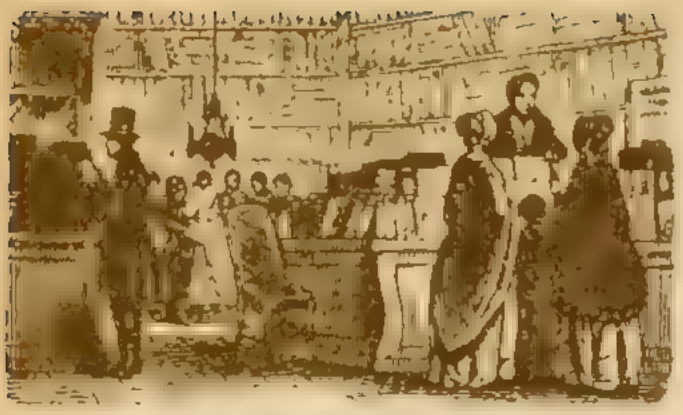
Owen C. Ulph *spent years punching cows in central Nevada. When he ultimately realized that he would "never be able to hind foot a calf without knocking it on the head and slipping the loop over the hooves by hand, he took up an easier job." He is currently professor of history and humanities at Reed College. He also owns a ranch in Nevada, where he raises horses.*

Dabney Otis Collins *is a retired Denver advertising executive and author of numerous historical articles on the Old West, some of which have been published in the Brand Books of the Denver Posse of Westerners. Former editor of* Natural Fur News, *sheriff of the Denver Westerners and editor of their 1948 Brand Book, he has published one book,* Great Western Rides.



WESTERN BOOKS

The Great West

▪ THE WIRE THAT FENCED THE WEST. By **Henry D.** *and* **Frances T. McCallum** *(Norman, University of Oklahoma Press, 1965. 285 pp., illus., biblio., index, $5.95).*

BY DONALD D. BRAND

As the title implies, this book is primarily about wire—barbed wire. Although the earliest patents on barbed wire were made in the 1860's by three Frenchmen and by three Americans from the eastern United States, they did not constitute the effective invention of barbed wire. The right time was the 1870's when the granger or nester was pushing westward into the domain of the open range, and the right place was De Kalb County, Illinois, on the margin of a great agricultural region poor in tree and stone for fencing material. Out of a welter of conflicting claims, applications, and patents, Joseph Glidden ultimately (1874–92) won the right to be considered the effective inventor of barbed wire. This was accomplished chiefly by the Washburn & Moen Manufacturing Company (later to become part of the American Steel & Wire Company, and a division of the United States Steel Corporation) which acquired control of the Glidden and other patents on barbed wire and on barbed-wiremaking machines and defrayed the costs of years of litigation.

While technical improvements and legal controversies were going on in the East and the Midwest, a complicated struggle farther west was underway to develop markets. "Bet-a-Million" John Gates staged an exhibition in San Antonio in 1876 which proved that a barbed-wire fence could contain the onslaughts of rampaging Texas longhorns. Henry Sanborn developed the Frying Pan Ranch in 1881 in the Texas Panhandle to demonstrate with one hundred fifty miles of barbed wire the feasibility of enclosing a large area of grazing land. Later in the 1880's the great XIT Ranch installed some fifteen hundred miles of barbed-wire fences. By then the open range was giving way to private ownership of land enclosed by fences. The droughts and blizzards of 1883–87 in the High Plains and their disastrous effects on the livestock contributed to the replacement of drift fences by line fences. By 1892 the fence wars and the illegal enclosures of public lands were ended in the West, and barbed wire had acquired an unchallenged acceptance.

The major contribution of this book is in the history of the development of barbed wire as a fencing material and in the illustrations and discussions of the principal types of barbed wire. It is not and does not pretend to be a history of barbed-wire fencing in the West or elsewhere, although considerable space is devoted to events and personalities in Texas. However, it is assured a position as a basic reference work for anyone interested in the field of fencing in western America.

(Professor of geography at the University of Texas, Donald D. Brand has written a number of books and articles on Mexico, including the range-cattle industry.)

▪ HISTORIANS AGAINST HISTORY: THE FRONTIER THESIS AND THE NATIONAL COVENANT IN AMERICAN HISTORICAL WRITING SINCE 1830. By **David W. Noble** *(Minneapolis, University of Minnesota Press, 1965. 197 pp., notes, index, $5.00).*

The historians against history are those, the author contends, who embrace the idea of a national covenant, derived from the Puritan concept, calling for the preservation in the New World of a pure and simple national community free of the traditions and institutions of the Old World. This unrealistic position, Noble adds, which is against the stream of history, has characterized the views of certain important historians since 1830: George Bancroft, Turner, Beard, Becker, Parrington,

and Boorstin. Only in Becker's later writings do we see a break with the covenant and an admission that the history of the United States may be identified with a tradition antedating the Puritans and that it is after all afloat on the mainstream of history. Thus, having a past, the nation may visualize a creative future which those against history denied.

▪ TURNER, BOLTON, AND WEBB: THREE HISTORIANS OF THE AMERICAN FRONTIER. **By Wilbur R. Jacobs, John W. Caughey, *and* Joe B. Frantz** *(Seattle and London, University of Washington Press, 1965. 113 pp., illus., biblios., index, $2.95).*

In their original form these studies appeared in the first issue of THE AMERICAN WEST (Winter 1964).

▪ THE UNITED STATES, 1830–1850: THE NATION AND ITS SECTIONS. **By Frederick Jackson Turner.** *Introduction by Avery Craven (reprint, New York, W. W. Norton, 1965. $2.65 paper).*

Turner's last work issued posthumously first in 1935.

▪ KEEPERS OF THE PAST. *Edited* **by Clifford L. Lord** *(Chapel Hill, University of North Carolina Press, 1965. 214 pp., $6.00).*

Seventeen authors write the history of the development of historical agencies through biographical sketches of prominent figures in the formation of historical societies, museums, archives, and restorations. There are articles on Draper and Thwaites (Wisconsin Historical Society), Hewett (Museum of New Mexico), Pomfret (Henry E. Huntington Library and Art Gallery), Adina De Zavala (Alamo) representing western institutions.

▪ WAGON ROADS WEST: A STUDY OF FEDERAL ROAD SURVEYS AND CONSTRUCTION IN THE TRANS-MISSISSIPPI WEST, 1846–1869. **By W. Turrentine Jackson.** *Foreword by William H. Goetzmann. Yale Western American Series, 9 (reprint, New Haven and London, Yale University Press, 1965. 422 pp., maps, notes, biblio., index, $7.50 cloth, $2.45 paper).*

A new edition of an important, scholarly book on army road building in the trans-Mississippi West before the completion of the transcontinental railroad. In the Foreword written for this edition, William H. Goetzmann says, "It belongs to the 'Imperial School' of western historiography, which seeks to explain the westward movement in terms not only of its relationship to the rest of the nation but specifically of its relationship to the national government."

▪ SALVATION AND THE SAVAGE: AN ANALYSIS OF PROTESTANT MISSIONS AND AMERICAN INDIAN RESPONSE, 1787–1862. **By Robert F. Berkhofer, Jr.** *(Lexington, University of Kentucky Press, 1965. 186 pp., biblio. essay, index, $6.00).*

A scholarly ethnohistorical study in which the author concludes that the slow growth of Indian Christianity was due to cultural conflict and misunderstanding.

▪ PHOTOGRAPHERS OF THE FRONTIER WEST: THEIR LIVES AND WORKS, 1875 TO 1915. **By Ralph W. Andrews** *(Seattle, Superior Publishing Company, 1965. 182 pp., illus., index, $12.95).*

A sampling of the work of McKee (Utes, Mesa Verde), Norvell (Alaska gold rush), Edward S. Curtis (Indians), Kinsey (Northwest lumbering), Genthe (San Francisco earthquake and Chinatown), Charles C. Curtis (Big Tree lumbering), Ericson (Redwoods and Indians), Passmore (San Diego and the sea), Fly (outlaws), Worden (PPI Exposition), Peabody (Rockies and Grand Canyon).

▪ GHOST TOWN TREASURES. **By Lambert Florin.** *Western Ghost Town Series, 5 (Seattle, Superior Publishing Company, 1965. 191 pp., illus., biblio., $12.95).*

Historical sketches of forty-nine places from New Mexico to British Columbia with the same fine photographs that have characterized Florin's previous ghost-town books.

▪ NEWSPAPERING IN THE OLD WEST: A PICTORIAL HISTORY OF JOURNALISM AND PRINTING ON THE FRONTIER. **By Robert F. Karolevitz** *(Seattle, Superior Publishing Company, 1965. 191 pp., illus., index, $12.95).*

▪ A RUSSIAN'S AMERICAN DREAM: A MEMOIR ON WILLIAM FREY. **By Avrahm Yarmolinsky** *(Lawrence, University of Kansas Press, 1965. 147 pp., illus., notes, index, $4.00).*

A Utopian Russian dreamer, Frey in 1868 emigrated to the United States where he participated in communal experiments in Missouri, Kansas, and Oregon.

▪ NATIONAL PARKS OF THE WEST. *Edited* **by Paul C. Johnson,** *et al. (Menlo Park, California, Lane Magazine & Book Company, 1965. 319 pp., illus., apps., biblio., index, $11.75).*

A photographic presentation in black and white and color of the twenty parks, including those in Alaska and Hawaii. Each is introduced with a brief historical sketch; one chapter traces the history of the national park idea.

• A HISTORY OF THE PUBLIC LAND POLICIES. **By Benjamin Horace Hibbard.** *Foreword by Paul W. Gates (Madison and Milwaukee, University of Wisconsin Press, 1965. 579 pp., maps, tables, charts, index, $7.50 cloth, $2.95 paper).*

Second (first in 1924) edition of a standard reference with a new Foreword.

• FIFTY YEARS: BEING A RETROSPECTIVE COLLECTION OF NOVELS, NOVELLAS, TALES, DRAMA, POETRY, AND REPORTAGE AND ESSAYS (WHETHER LITERARY, MUSICAL, CONTEMPLATIVE, HISTORICAL, BIOGRAPHICAL, ARGUMENTATIVE, OR GASTRONOMICAL) ALL DRAWN FROM VOLUMES ISSUED DURING THE LAST HALF-CENTURY BY ALFRED AND BLANCHE KNOPF. *The whole selected, assembled, and edited, with an introduction and sundry commentaries* **by Clifton Fadiman** *(New York, Alfred A. Knopf, 1965. 1088 pp., illus., $10).* • PORTRAIT OF A PUBLISHER, 1915–1965. *Vol. I:* REMINISCENCES AND REFLECTIONS BY ALFRED A. KNOPF. *Introduction* **by Paul A. Bennett;** *Vol. II:* ALFRED A. KNOPF AND THE BORZOI IMPRINT: RECOLLECTIONS AND APPRECIATIONS. *Introduction* **by Paul A. Bennett.** *Limited edition of 2000 copies (New York, The Typophiles, 1965).*

These volumes were published last October when some 275 friends of Alfred A. and Blanche W. Knopf from the universities, the publishing and literary world assembled at a gala dinner in New York to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the Borzoi imprint. The editors of this magazine here offer a toast of congratulations to a lover of life, a pioneer in publishing, a discriminating publisher of distinguished books, many of them with western titles, and a staunch and loyal friend of historians. We cherish Alfred A. Knopf's membership on the editorial board of THE AMERICAN WEST.

Southwest

• MY LIFE IN THE MOUNTAINS AND ON THE PLAINS: THE NEWLY DISCOVERED AUTOBIOGRAPHY. **By David Meriwether.** *Edited and with an introduction by Robert A. Griffen. American Exploration and Travel Series (Norman, University of Oklahoma Press, 1965. 301 pp., illus., biblio., index, $5.95).*

BY OAKAH L. JONES, JR.

David Meriwether, the third territorial governor of New Mexico after its organization in 1850, generally has been regarded as one of the better public officials who served there in the pre-Civil War period. Yet little has been known of his early years. This book is the first publication of Meriwether's own account which was dictated to his granddaughter, then preserved by a grandson, and finally provided in typescript to the editor. It covers the years 1800–1856, but its major contribution is the depiction of Meriwether's activities before he became governor in 1853.

Editor Robert A. Griffen has supplemented Meriwether's autobiography with a short introduction, an epilogue, a lengthy bibliography, and outstanding explanatory footnotes. The work is organized into thirteen chapters, beginning with the Kentucky frontier before the War of 1812 and ending with the author's administration in New Mexico. Griffen has used the Meriwether papers, the Bancroft Library, the letters of the Office of Indian Affairs in the National Archives, personal interviews, government documents, and principal secondary works.

Highlights of the work are the details regarding methods employed in fur-trading ventures on the Missouri River and on travel on the Santa Fe and Chihuahua trails. Although it purports to be a description of Meriwether's early life, nearly 40 percent of the text concentrates on the years when Meriwether participated in the Missouri River trade (1819–22) and another 50 percent upon part of his administration as territorial governor (1853–56).

The author, as the writers of most memoirs, tends to hold himself above reproach, but the editor cites contrasting viewpoints. The fact that this autobiography was written many years after the events occurred must be taken into account, as facts sometimes become distorted in time. However, Meriwether's autobiography is a definite contribution to the history of the American West, and it will interest many readers.

(Captain Oakah L. Jones, Jr., is associate professor of history at the U.S. Air Force Academy.)

• THE SOUTHWEST OF JOHN H. SLAUGHTER, 1841–1922:

PIONEER CATTLEMAN AND TRAIL-DRIVER OF TEXAS, THE PECOS, AND ARIZONA AND SHERIFF OF TOMBSTONE. **By Allen A. Erwin.** *Western Frontiersman Series, X (Glendale, Arthus H. Clark, 1956. 368 pp., illus., map, biblio., index, $11).*

BY JOSEPH MILTON NANCE

This first book-length biography of John Horton Slaughter, pioneer cattleman, peace officer, and legislator, is more than a history of an individual and a description of the country in which he lived. It contains short biographical sketches of numerous cattlemen, desperadoes, lawmen, Indians, and public men, particularly of the post-Civil War period of southwestern Texas, New Mexico, and Arizona.

Since the first member of the Slaughter family arrived in the Virginia colony in 1620, the descendents had gradually moved southward and westward through North Carolina, Georgia, Mississippi, Louisiana, and finally by 1829 the first of that name entered the Mexican state of Coahuila y Téjas. John Horton Slaughter, son of Ben and Minerva (Mabry) Slaughter, was born October 2, 1841, in Louisiana. Three months later his parents took up residence in Sabine County, Texas, and thereafter John H. was to be associated with the history of the seething, rampaging frontiers of Texas, New Mexico, and Arizona as a cowboy, confederate soldier, Texas ranger, scout, trail driver, cattleman, Cochise County (Arizona) sheriff, deputy U.S. marshal, butcher, banker, town builder, and member of the Arizona territorial legislature. His was a hard life on a wild frontier. He gambled; he was arrested for murder and for having missing or stolen cattle in his possession; and he smuggled cattle from Mexico through his San Bernardino ranch whose boundaries lay on both sides of the international border. Yet, as a law-enforcement officer he appears to have been dependable and fearless in the performance of his duties. On the other hand, he is pictured as a quiet, generous, unassuming man who loved children and was extremely loyal to his friends. He showed a deep understanding of human nature and is portrayed as always excelling in whatever he attempted. Yet the loss of three fortunes scarcely bears out the author's conclusion that his subject was an acute businessman. With Slaughter's death in 1922, the Southwest lost one of its most colorful characters.

Allen A. Erwin, a French-Canadian of wide experience as a cowboy, horse wrangler, stuntman, rodeo contestant, railroad brakeman, movie technical advisor, and now amateur historian, has written a fascinating, imaginative biography, which, if not completely accurate or well documented, conveys very ably in frank and colorful language the feelings of the West of which he writes. The research for this book extended over a long period of time, and after much material had been collected the writer was unfortunate in having most of his material, including numerous memoirs, recordings, and other data, stolen, some of which was irreplaceable. Although considerable reliance has been placed on the use of original source materials, the author has depended heavily upon personal interviews and correspondence with persons thirty-five years after the death of Slaughter.

The author tends to exaggerate, presumes too much, and is too apologetic for, and overly sympathetic to, his subject, attempting to explain "in good light and taste" the conduct of his principal character. The book is not a complete or balanced story of the American Southwest from 1841 to 1922, but it does give considerable information on the early history of Cochise County, Arizona, and of the establishment of a number of early Arizona towns, in addition to presenting many interesting insights into ranch life in southwest Texas, New Mexico, and Arizona. The book is not well documented, footnote citations are often incomplete, and there are some factual errors. Any scholar who uses this book would do well to double check the factual information he uses.

(Professor of history at Texas A. & M. University, Joseph M. Nance is author of Attack and Counterattack: The Texas-Mexican Frontier, 1842, *and other books.)*

▪ RATTLESNAKES. **By J. Frank Dobie** *(Boston, Toronto, Little, Brown, 1965. 201 pp., $5.00).*

Collected over many years, this work is a rich gathering of lore about one of the West's notorious characters.

▪ OLD FORTS OF THE FAR WEST. **By Herbert M. Hart.** *Drawings by Paul J. Hartle (Seattle, Superior Publishing Company, 1965. 192 pp., illus., biblio., index, $12.95).*

Third in a series of volumes on the subject containing old and new photographs and interesting historical stories about some sixty forts mainly in the Southwest.

▪ IRON HORSES OF THE SANTA FE TRAIL: A DEFINITIVE HISTORY, IN FACT AND PHOTOGRAPH, OF THE MOTIVE POWER OF ONE OF AMERICA'S GREAT RAILROADS. **By E. D. Worley.**

Preface by Everett L. De Golyer, Jr. (Dallas, Southwest Railroad Historical Society, 1965. 479 pp. + 128 pp. locomotive diagrams, illus., $20).

An elaborately detailed and illustrated study of the motive power of the Santa Fe from the earliest steam units to modern diesels. More than five thousand locomotives are described, and nearly twelve hundred are illustrated. A special section of diagrams gives the specifications of five hundred units.

▪ A RECORD OF TRAVELS IN ARIZONA AND CALIFORNIA, 1775–1776. **By Francisco Garcés.** *A new translation edited by John Galvin. Limited edition of 1250 copies (San Francisco, John Howell, 1965. 113 pp., illus., maps, apps., gloss., refs., index, $7.50).*

From October 1775 to September 17, 1776, the indefatigable Franciscan, Francisco H. Garcés, made a historic exploration from Tubac by way of the Mojave Desert to the San Joaquin Valley in California and to the Hopi village of Oraibe by way of the south rim of the Grand Canyon. This book reproduces Garcés' diary of the journey from a contemporary copy in the editor's possession; it shows some variation when compared with the one used by Elliott Coues in making the translation for his *On the Trail of a Spanish Pioneer,* published in 1900. The present volume, designed and printed by Lawton and Alfred Kennedy, also contains a facsimile of a Pedro Fort map and a modern map showing Garcés' travels. The book is a bargain.

▪ FLAGSTAFF WHOA! THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A WESTERN PIONEER. **By George Hochderffer** *(Flagstaff, Museum of Northern Arizona, 1965. 171 pp., illus., app., genealogical table, index, $8.50).*

George Hochderffer arrived in Flagstaff, Arizona, when that Santa Fe Railroad town was four years old. His life story is an important record of life in the area by one of its leading citizens who lived there for nearly seventy years.

▪ ARIZONA PAGEANT: A SHORT HISTORY OF THE 48TH STATE. **By Madeline Ferrin Paré** *with the collaboration of Bert M. Fireman. Introduction by Barry M. Goldwater (Phoenix, Arizona Historical Foundation, 1965. 336 pp., illus., app., index, $4.00).*

A handy introduction to the state's four-hundred-year history extending from Coronado to the elections of 1964.

▪ SOURCES & READINGS IN ARIZONA HISTORY: A CHECKLIST OF LITERATURE CONCERNING ARIZONA'S PAST. *Edited* by **Andrew Wallace.** *Decorations by Anne Merriman Peck (Tucson, Arizona Pioneers' Historical Society, 1965. 181 pp., author index, $4.50 cloth, $3.00 paper).*

A selected bibliography of about thirteen hundred titles under fifteen subject categories compiled by as many specialists. Included are books and articles in English; excluded are public documents and rare works.

▪ NOTES OF TRAVEL THROUGH THE TERRITORY OF ARIZONA: BEING AN ACCOUNT OF THE TRIP MADE BY GENERAL GEORGE STONEMAN AND OTHERS IN THE AUTUMN OF 1870. **By J. H. Marion.** *Edited by D. M. Powell (Tucson, University of Arizona Press, 1965. 62 pp., notes, biblio., $3.50).*

John Marion, editor of the Prescott *Miner,* made a tour of inspection with Stoneman and reported his plan to abandon over half of Arizona's military installations. His report, which caused an uproar in the territory, is reprinted here from the rare 1870 edition. D. M. Powell is assistant librarian at the University of Arizona.

▪ AN ENGLISHMAN'S ARIZONA: THE RANCHING LETTERS OF HERBERT R. HISLOP, 1876–1878. *Introduction* by **Bernard L. Fontana.** *Drawings by Hazel Fontana. Limited edition of 510 copies (Tucson, Overland Press, 1965. 74 pp., illus., map, $10).*

Informative letters of experiences in southern Arizona involving his partnership in the Empire Ranch and the vicissitudes of ranching, Apaches, life in old Tucson. Excellent typography and format.

▪ THE PUBLIC DOMAIN IN NEW MEXICO, 1854–1891. **By Victor Westphall** *(Albuquerque, University of New Mexico Press, 1965. 212 pp., maps, apps., biblio., index, $5.00).*

A fully documented history of the disposal of the public domain from the arrival of the first federal surveyor to the repeal of the Preemption Act.

▪ ANOTHER VERDICT FOR OLIVER LEE. **By W. H. Hutchinson.** *Pen sketches by H. D. Bugbee and Olive Vandruff Bugbee. Limited edition of 650 copies (Clarendon, Texas, Clarendon Press, 1965. 23 pp., $5.00).*

Another viewpoint on New Mexico's greatest mystery: the disappearance of A. J. Fountain and son in January 1896.

■ CRACKER BARREL CHRONICLES: A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF TEXAS TOWN AND COUNTY HISTORIES. **By John H. Jenkins.** *Foreword by Dorman H. Winfrey (Austin, Pemberton Press, 1965. 509 pp., indexes, $15).*

A compilation of over 5040 printed titles, including books, pamphlets, articles, and special newspaper editions; theses and dissertations are listed but no other manuscript material.

■ THE TEXAS RANGERS: A CENTURY OF FRONTIER DEFENSE. **By Walter Prescott Webb.** *Foreword by Lyndon B. Johnson. Drawings by Lonnie Rees (reprint, Austin, University of Texas Press, 1965. $10).*

The second edition of Webb's definitive study first issued in 1935. President Johnson's Foreword and a title-page picture from a painting by Tom Lea are new in this edition of the work which J. Frank Dobie called the "beginning, middle, and end of the subject."

■ FROM VIRGINIA TO TEXAS, 1835: DIARY OF COL. WM. F. GRAY, GIVING DETAILS OF HIS JOURNEY TO TEXAS AND RETURN IN 1835–1836 AND SECOND JOURNEY TO TEXAS IN 1837. *Preface* **by A. C. Gray** *(reprint, Houston, Texas, Fletcher Young Publishing Company, 1965. $8.50).*

Reprinted from the 1909 edition, Gray's diary describes the events of the Texas Revolution, as well as popular customs, living conditions, land use, prices, government, and pioneer families in all the areas through which he traveled.

■ OKLAHOMA PLACE NAMES. **By George H. Shirk** *(Norman, University of Oklahoma Press, 1965. 233 pp., biblio., $4.95).*

An alphabetical listing of approximately thirty-five hundred names giving location and origins.

Northwest

■ MERIWETHER LEWIS: A BIOGRAPHY. **By Richard Dillon** *(New York, Coward-McCann, 1965. 364 pp., illus., map, biblio. note, index, $6.95).*

BY ROBERT HITCHMAN

Richard Dillon displayed considerable courage when he essayed to write a full-length biography of Captain Meriwether Lewis. Mr. Dillon must have recognized the problems that faced him. First he had to identify Lewis as an individual—to let the captain stand apart from William Clark and be judged on his own merits. This task was not easy, Dillon writes:

> Lewis . . . is, oddly, remembered as half of a partnership at best and, at worst, as if he were 50 percent of a two-headed exploratory freak called Lewisandclark. . . . The work at hand, then, is an attempt at a full reappraisal of Merriwether Lewis the man, not the half-a-legend which he has, even in history books, become.

The second difficulty was to trace the course of the expedition in such a way as to demonstrate Captain Lewis' leadership and his special talents. Dillon aimed to expose what he terms "divided command nonsense"—to prove his assertion that "for all the egalitarianism of the historians, the ultimate authority, the decisionmaker in every major matter, was Lewis." Finally, the mystery of Lewis' death had to be explained.

How well has Mr. Dillon met these difficulties?

Armed with material newly available and the work of competent scholars to draw from, he has succeeded to a fair degree. He presents a refreshing picture of Lewis' preexpedition career and his work as private secretary to President Jefferson. Lewis emerges as a young man of intelligence who could think clearly and express himself well. Little new light is shed on the expedition. At times the reader senses that Dillon is as weary of the trip west as were the explorers. Lewis' work as governor of Upper Louisiana is tantalizing; this period of Lewis' life is worthy of a full-length book rather than the single chapter in this volume.

As for the mystery of Lewis' death, Dillon reaches conclusions that appear to be based on assumptions and his admiration of Lewis rather than on evidence. For example, there are suggestions along the way that Lewis, frustrated by political intrigue, bureaucracy and administrative problems, was not a temperate man in the last period of his life. Yet these suggestions are passed over lightly, despite their possible pertinence.

Dillon's work does throw light on Lewis as an individual and—to use the author's words—on "the role he played as a prime mover in setting this nation on the road west, on the course of empire." And we can conclude that Jefferson chose wisely when he selected Lewis to lead the expedition, but he erred tragically when he named Lewis governor of Upper Louisiana.

Students will regret that this book carries no footnotes, even to identify sources of quotations and pertinent facts, but this biography is not intended primarily for scholars. If readers wish to delve deeper, they can follow Dillon's recommendation to turn for sources to the thirteen-page bio-biographical appendix to Donald Jackson's remarkable collection of *Letters of the Lewis and Clark Expedition, With Related Documents, 1783–1854* (University of Illinois Press, 1962).

(Bibliographer Robert Hitchman of Seattle is a member of the board, Washington State Historical Society.)

▪ INLAND EMPIRE: D. C. CORBIN AND SPOKANE. **By John Fahey** *(Seattle, University of Washington Press, 1965. 270 pp., illus., maps, notes, biblio., index, $5.95).*

BY VICTOR C. DAHL

Any book dealing with the economic history of the Northwest Inland Empire is welcome. Through this study of the business activities of Daniel Chase Corbin (1832–1918) and some of his better known associates, such as Samuel Hauser and F. Augustus Heinze, the author has recounted an important chapter in the development of railroads, mines, smelters, and other industries in the Far West. From his native New Hampshire, Corbin migrated at nineteen to Iowa and thence to Nebraska and Colorado, where he established a freighting business, with the U.S. Army and western miners as his chief customers. During the Civil War he followed gold seekers to Montana and prospered there in several businesses including retailing, freighting, and in mining investments. Except for a brief fling in eastern railroad management, Corbin spent the remainder of his long and active life directing a myriad of Northwest business enterprises. Railroad building was his primary interest, and he eventually laid out seven lines in the Northwest interior, beginning in the 1880's with a primitive system of rails and lake steamers that served the Coeur d'Alene mining rush. Ultimately he constructed six more railroads that penetrated parts of northern Idaho, eastern Washington, and adjacent areas in British Columbia. Corbin also dabbled in several other less extensive enterprises, including real estate promotion, irrigation projects, sugar beet culture, and coal mining.

Corbin's significant contributions to the Northwest's economic growth merit this full-scale study. Unfortunately the author has smothered Corbin's personality and clogged the narrative with a mass of unexciting details of financial transactions. Occasional efforts to focus upon the larger historical setting fall flat and even impose a severe test upon the reader's credulousness; there is some awkward exposition and lack of direction.

The sources utilized include correspondence from several pertinent manuscript collections, contemporary newspaper accounts, and a substantial amount of secondary material. Three unimaginatively prepared maps only slightly assist the reader who wants to understand the relationship of Corbin's feeder and connecting railroads to the major lines that eventually passed through the same region. In spite of its shortcomings, the book presents some useful information about an important but hitherto neglected subject.

(Associate professor of Portland State College, Oregon, Victor C. Dahl teaches Northwest history.)

▪ CHARLES MAIR: LITERARY NATIONALIST. **By Norman Shrive** *(University of Toronto, 1965. 309 pp., illus., biblio., index, $7.50).*

Mair in 1868 gave Canada its first significant collection of verse, and he involved himself in some of the major chapters of Canadian history—pioneering in the Ottawa Valley, the Canada First movement, the Riel rebellions, and the opening of the West. Shrive has undertaken a critical and scholarly evaluation of Mair's contribution to Canadian letters.

▪ PIONEERING TALES OF MONTANA. **By Warren Woodson** *(New York, Exposition Press, 1965. 169 pp., $4.00).*

Reminiscenses by one who was a range sheepman for forty years told in a pleasant manner and enriched by the philosophy and humor of the range country. The value of the book is enhanced by the author's useful and broad knowledge of livestock and nature, and of a number of Montana's colorful personalities.

▪ THE VALLEY OF THE UPPER YELLOWSTONE: AN EXPLORATION OF THE HEADWATERS OF THE YELLOWSTONE RIVER IN THE YEAR 1869. *As recorded* **by Charles W. Cook, David E. Folsom,** *and* **William Peterson.** *Edited and with an introduction by Aubrey L. Haines (Norman, University of Oklahoma Press, 1965. 79 pp., illus., maps, notes, sources, index, $3.75).*

▪ WILD BILL AND DEADWOOD. **By Mildred Fielder** *(Seattle, Superior Publishing Company, 1965. 160 pp., illus., biblio., $12.95).*

Text and photographs of Bill, his contemporaries,

and Deadwood, illuminate an indestructible legend.

■ THE ACE OF DIAMONDS. **By Ace Powell.** *Edited by Van Kirke Nelson (Kalispell, Montana, Van Kirke Nelson, 1965. 42 pp., illus., paper).*

Stories of incidents in and about Glacier National Park when the park was young, by a noted western artist and sculptor; Powell has illustrated his own book.

The Plains and the Rockies

■ GENERAL HENRY ATKINSON: A WESTERN MILITARY CAREER. **By Robert L. Nichols** *(Norman, University of Oklahoma Press, 1965. 243 pp., illus., maps, biblio., index, $5.95).*

BY WILLIAM E. UNRAU

In the spring of 1808 the name of Henry Atkinson of North Carolina was submitted for a commission in the regular army, and, in accordance with the accepted procedure for such proposals from the politically prominent planter class of the Person County piedmont, the young squire was promptly commissioned an infantry captain.

Thus began a thirty-four-year military career marked not by acts of individual heroism in the field, but rather by competent (and perhaps brilliant) leadership in the pursuance of routine administrative duties so necessary to the operation of a military organization. Even though he was well known and respected by his contemporaries, General Atkinson shunned publicity and apparently was content to stand in the shadow of Jackson, Scott, and Taylor. Perhaps his policy of allowing the tribes to settle their differences with a minimum of white interference and his general aversion to official Indian Office policy explain in part his less than shining public image.

These characteristics do not mean, however, that his army career was monotonous and barren of accomplishment. He served on the Canadian border during the War of 1812 and led the Missouri expedition of 1819. The Yellowstone expedition he commanded in 1825 resulted in the signing of fifteen important Indian peace treaties and, while he proved hesitant and vacillating in the campaign that led to his only important field encounter (the Bad Axe encounter in the Black Hawk War), it should be remembered that western commanders of his time faced logistical problems that were made virtually insurmountable by the presence of the frontier militiaman. Referring to Atkinson's role at Bad Axe, even General Scott admitted, "I do not know—I cannot flatter myself that I might have done better."

In the absence of any large collection of Atkinson papers, the author obviously experienced significant obstacles in the construction of his narrative. But in spite of this (and a somewhat ponderous style of composition), the general impact of the book is both effective and meaningful. Professor Nichols has set for himself the difficult task of placing the role of the western army in some perspective and, from the viewpoint of Atkinson's operations, has accomplished his objective.

The author's documented conclusion that in the early national period the army often delayed the spread of population while at the same time it operated not as a fighting machine, but rather as a peace- and law-enforcement agency, is significantly suggestive of a valuable and challenging contribution to the military history of the West. Perhaps the same formula might bear similar fruit when applied to other officials of the western military establishment.

(William E. Unrau, associate professor of history at Wichita State College, has written recent articles on military and Indian policy.)

■ RED CLOUD AND THE SIOUX PROBLEM. **By James C. Olson** *(Lincoln, University of Nebraska Press, 1965. 375 pp., illus., map, app., biblio., index, $5.95).*

BY JOHN D. McDERMOTT

Red Cloud stands unique among Indian leaders: he won a war with the whites. The Oglala chieftain reached the height of his power when the U.S. Army agreed to abandon the forts along the Bozeman Trail in 1868. During the next two decades, as the head of one tribe of reservation Sioux, his peculiar blend of pacification and belligerency, procrastination and intimidation, ignorance and cleverness kept government officials and his followers in a constant state of wonderment, disgust, and admiration. James Olson focuses on these years when the Oglalas were making the transition from fighting warriors to passive dependents.

The purpose of the book is to illuminate the role of Red Cloud in the evolution, and the author seldom strays from his path. Tempered with subtle humor and solidly based on government documents and contemporary newspaper sources, the book contains a fine chapter on the Black Hills fiasco and superb discussions of the

treaty negotiations of 1866, 1867, and 1868.

In the Foreword, Olson acknowledges his debt to George Hyde, whose books *Red Cloud's Folk* and *A Sioux Chronicle* cover many of the same subjects but concern themselves more with the internal workings of the Oglalas and less with the problem Red Cloud posed to white leaders. Olson views his own work as a supplement to Hyde rather than as an effort to revise it, and his research confirms and supports many of the interpretations made by the senior historian many years ago. On four occasions, the author quotes from Hyde by way of summarizing the evidence. Olson does, however, take Hyde to task for ignoring the tariff issue as a factor in the failure to ratify the Edmunds Treaty in 1882, and he corrects one minor factual error.

Errors have a way of creeping into even the best of books, but Olson makes none worth mentioning. There are two omissions that bear comment. The author provides some biographical background for all the Red Cloud agents except one—John Wham. He relies almost entirely on New York newspapers for his descriptions of the visits of Red Cloud to Washington. Not once does he cite a capital paper, not even for editorial comment. Occasionally Olson becomes so cautious in his assessment of the evidence that he simply questions when he might have interpreted. The birth and parentage of Red Cloud are a case in point. But the shortcomings are like tiny flecks on a brilliantly colored canvas: they disappear when viewed from a distance and do little to mar the total effect of the work.

Olson sees Red Cloud as a pragmatic leader who gently guided his people down a new road. To those who followed him and those who tried to lead him, he was both the shifting sand and a solid rock. He moved too slowly for many of the whites and too swiftly for many of his tribesmen. The remarkable thing is that he moved at all.

(Historian in the National Park Service in Washington, John D. McDermott is a specialist on the Plains Indians and the fur trade.)

▪ AMERICAN INDIAN TOMAHAWKS. **By Harold L. Peterson.** *With an Appendix:* THE BLACKSMITH SHOP. **By Milford G. Chandler** *(New York, Museum of the American Indian, Heye Foundation, 1965. 142 pp., illus., app., biblio., $8.50 paper).*

Few other implements have ever combined so many different functions as the tomahawk: tool, weapon, scepter, symbol, and smoking pipe; it has become associated with the American Indian as no other object. This detailed work is a technical study of metal trade tomahawks of which 314 styles are described and illustrated and their use by both Indians and white men reviewed. A directory of makers and dealers is given. Chandler's appendix describes the processes of manufacture. Harold L. Peterson is chief curator, National Park Service, Washington.

▪ THE PONCA TRIBE. **By James H. Howard,** *in collaboration with Peter Le Claire, tribal historian and other members of the tribe. Smithsonian Institution Bureau of American Ethnology, Bul. 195 (Washington, U.S. Government Printing Office, 1965. 191 pp., illus., biblio., index, $2.25).*

A detailed and first ethnographic study, with strong emphasis on history, of the Poncas who have been in touch with the Long Knives well over one hundred fifty years and now live on reservations in Nebraska, South Dakota, and Oklahoma.

▪ CATLIN'S INDIAN GALLERY: THE GEORGE CATLIN PAINTINGS IN THE UNITED STATES NATIONAL MUSEUM. **By Marjorie Halpin** *(Washington, D.C., Smithsonian Institution, 1965. 32 pp., illus., paper).*

A catalogue, with a sketch of the painter, of the 445 original paintings by George Catlin in the U.S. National Museum. The majority depict Indian tribes and the natural landscape of the Great Plains.

▪ SELECTIONS FROM "MINNESOTA HISTORY": A FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY ANTHOLOGY. *Edited* **by Rhoda R. Gilman** *and* **June Drenning Holmquist** *(St. Paul, Minnesota Historical Society, 1965. 369 pp., maps, notes, index, $6.95).*

This is a gathering of twenty-six distinguished articles from the pages of *Minnesota History*, the quarterly journal of the Minnesota Historical Society, now beginning its second half-century of publication. Subjects range from Indians to tourists and from the fur trade to organized labor.

▪ FREEDOM AND FRANCHISE: THE POLITICAL CAREER OF B. GRATZ BROWN. **By Norma L. Peterson** *(Columbia, University of Missouri Press, 1965. 252 pp., frontis., biblio., index, $6.50).*

A scholarly study of Brown's active public career as lawyer, editor, and politician, which spanned the crucial

years from 1852 to 1872. During that time he served the state of Missouri as legislator, U.S. senator and governor. He became a key figure in the Liberal Republican movement, and in 1872 he was that party's candidate for the Vice Presidency.

▪ GASLIGHTS AND GINGERBREAD. **By Sandra Dallas** *(Denver, Sage Books, 1965. 218 pp., illus., biblio., $5.00).*

Historical and architectural details about thirty-five important homes in Colorado, most of them built during the Victorian era.

▪ AMBASSADOR TO THE SAINTS. **By Claton S. Rice** *(Boston, Christopher Publishing House, 1965. 237 pp., $3.95).*

In 1908, after graduating from the Princeton Theological Seminary, Claton Rice spent nine years as a home missionary of the Presbyterian church in the rural sections of Utah. His book, with many cogent observations on the Mormons, is an interesting account of these years.

▪ 100 YEARS OF UTAH PAINTING: SELECTED WORKS FROM THE 1840's TO THE 1940's. *Narrative and documentation* **by James L. Haseltine** *(Salt Lake City, Salt Lake Art Center, 1965. 62 pp., illus., biogs., biblio., $3.50).*

A full-scale survey of painting in Utah from 1845 with short biographies of over sixty artists.

▪ THE THEOLOGICAL FOUNDATIONS OF THE MORMON RELIGION. **By Sterling M. McMurrin** *(Salt Lake City, University of Utah Press, 1965. 151 pp., biblio., $3.00 cloth, $2.00 paper).*

▪ THE NEVADA CONSTITUTION: ORIGIN AND GROWTH. **By Eleanor Bushnell.** *Nevada Studies in History and Political Science No. 8 (Reno, University of Nevada, 1965. 181 pp., illus., app., selected biblio., index, $3.00 paper).*

▪ TODD WEBB PHOTOGRAPHS: EARLY WESTERN TRAILS AND SOME GHOST TOWNS *(Fort Worth, Amon Carter Museum, 1965. 44 pp., illus., paper).*

Striking black-and-white photographs documenting the historic past along the California and Oregon trails and in New Mexico and Colorado.

▪ COW COUNTRY. **By Edward Everett Dale** *(reprint, Norman, University of Oklahoma Press, 1965. $2.00).*

The history of the great days of the cattlemen—from the end of the Civil War to the 1880's. Dale's work was first issued in 1942 and is here reprinted with a new Preface.

▪ THE COMPLEAT RANCHER. **By Russell H. Bennett.** *Drawings by Ross Santee (2nd ed., Minneapolis, T. S. Denison, 1965. 253 pp., app., biblio., $4.95).*

Practical advice for the would be cattle rancher.

▪ THE BATTLE OF SAND CREEK. **By Morse H. Coffin.** *Edited with introduction and notes by Alan W. Farley. Limited edition of 300 copies (Waco, Texas, W. M. Morrison, 1965. 40 pp., illus.).*

An account of the 1864 Chivington, or Sand Creek, "massacre" by one of the participants, reprinted from an issue of the Greeley *Colorado Sun* of 1879.

▪ OSBORNE RUSSELL'S JOURNAL OF A TRAPPER. *Edited from the original manuscript in the William Robertson Coe Collection of Western Americana in the Yale University Library; with a biography of Osborne Russell and maps of his travels while a trapper in the Rocky Mountains.* **By Aubrey L. Haines** *(reprint, Lincoln, University of Nebraska Press, 1965. $1.60 paper).*

▪ THE WEST THAT WAS: FROM TEXAS TO MONTANA. **By John Leakey.** *As told to Nellie Snyder Yost (reprint, Lincoln, University of Nebraska Press, 1965. $1.50 paper).*

▪ THE INDIANS OF THE WESTERN GREAT LAKES, 1615–1760. **By W. Vernon Kinietz** *(reprint, Ann Arbor, University of Michigan Press, 1965. $4.40 cloth, $2.95 paper).*

A scholarly ethnographic study based on primary and contemporary records. First issued in 1940.

will be none. General Bell was sent there to aid the civil authorities in maintaining law and order. If the civil authorities refuse to do this, the military will do it."

Most were arrested for purposes of harassment, held for a few hours, and released. But four who had been particularly outspoken against Bell and the troops were kept in the Goldfield bullpen despite writs of habeas corpus presented by federation lawyers. A hearing on the case was set for September 21 in Cripple Creek. On that date, General Chase, Bell's chief lieutenant, escorted the prisoners to the county courthouse in Cripple Creek, and the ensuing commotion was described by a sardonic bystander:

> A blare of trumpets, the thunderous sound of dashing troops, the rumbling roar of wheels, quick fierce and stern commands. . . . By the time the people realized that the fierce and mighty onslaught was not the arrival of Gabriel and the avenging hosts, they had been pushed, yanked and prodded from the streets; women were hysterical; children were screaming from fright . . . sharpshooters had bravely and in the face of fearful odds gained possession of every point of advantage . . . gallant soldiers with loaded and bayoneted muskets paraded the sidewalks, death-dealing Gatling guns commanded the streets. The hospital corps with stretchers, lints and all were there in readiness for ghastly duties. . . . Cripple Creek had been captured!

The four men were brought into the courthouse, arguments made before Judge Seeds, and court adjourned. The prisoners were returned in the same colorful fashion on the twenty-second and twenty-fourth. On September 24 Seeds found in favor of the four men, ordering General Chase to release them. Chase refused. "Acting under the orders of the commander-in-chief," he said, "I must at this time decline to obey the order of the court." Taken aback, Judge Seeds asked the state's lawyer if martial law had been declared. "Yes, your honor," the lawyer replied, "a qualified state of martial law was declared, not because men have been killed, nor because a state of insurrection exists, but because the peace of the community is seriously threatened."

If martial law had been declared, qualified or unqualified, Governor Peabody had not heard about it, and he ordered Bell to release the men. Bell complied, but his actions during the next few days were not calculated to soothe the governor's uncertainties. By the end of September, Bell had arrested not only four more men but the entire working staff of the Victor *Record*, the semiofficial union newspaper. One of his subordinates, responding to a comment regarding the constitutionality of such an action, revealed the military point of view: "To hell with the constitution."

The governor, possibly appalled at what he had loosed on Cripple Creek, began reducing the troops barely a month after their arrival. By the end of October all but two hundred originally sent to the district had been withdrawn. If Peabody entertained notions of recalling the remainder, events—and the insistent Sherman Bell—were soon to make it impossible.

On November 14 and 16 attempts were made to derail carloads of nonunion miners on a line of the Florence and Cripple Creek Railroad, and on November 22 an explosion in the shaft house of the Vindicator mine killed the mine's superintendent and a shift boss. Acting with little more evidence than his own convictions, Bell busily rounded up fifteen federation members in connection with the Vindicator explosion. "Conditions in Cripple Creek are simply awful," he reported with perceivable satisfaction. "The conspiracy . . . was gigantic. We have positive information that the intention of the conspirators was to blow up four more mines."

The county coroner's jury brought forth a verdict which refused to implicate the federation. Bell considered this a miscarriage of justice. Citing the derailing attempts, the Vindicator explosion, and the action of the coroner's jury, Bell urged Peabody to declare martial law in Cripple Creek. On December 2 Peabody acquiesced, proclaiming Teller County to be "in a state of insurrection and rebellion."

The declaration of martial law included provisions against the possession of arms, equipment, or "munitions of war," all assemblages in the street, membership in the Western Federation of Miners or "giving aid or solicitation" to members, and a sweeping censorship of printed matter.

> No publication, either by newspaper, pamphlet, or handbill reflecting in any way upon the United States and the State of Colorado, or its officers, or tending in any way to influence the public mind against the Government of the United States and the State of Colorado, will be permitted. . . .

In Denver, Peabody said he did not suppose anyone would take General Bell's proclamation seriously. The governor explained: "The only purpose of the establishment of the qualified martial law is to hold men who have been released by the civil courts on flimsy or what-

ever pretexts. . . . The press will not be molested any more than it has been since the beginning of the strike," he added

Cripple Creek soon had occasion to take the proclamation seriously.

Bell and his men enforced the provisions of the declaration of martial law with enthusiastic rigidity. Wholesale arrests, confinement in the Goldfield bullpen, and deportation of the more prominent union members to beyond Colorado's borders effectively thinned the federation's ranks during the next few weeks. A general vagrancy order issued late in December facilitated arrests of union men. Members of the federation in Cripple Creek, who were fighting for their very survival, must have found a message from Moyer and Haywood in Denver to be of small comfort: "Keep your union cards. Refuse to be driven from your homes."

The military did its work efficiently, and by the end of January 1904, Peabody felt justified in rescinding the state of martial law and withdrawing all but fifty of the troops stationed in the district. "I think I have done my duty in bringing about law and order," he told C. C. Hamlin, president of the Citizens Alliance and secretary of the Mine Owners and Operators Association, "and now it is up to you gentlemen. I will take the burden from my shoulders and place it on yours, and I think that you will be able to carry it."

They could indeed, and one of the methods employed to make the burden lighter was the establishment of a central bureau of employment, which would "receive and act upon all applications for work in all the mines connected with this Association." This not very subtle form of blacklisting further reduced the federation's ranks. The Cripple Creek strike was rapidly becoming meaningless.

It was made additionally meaningless in late March when Haywood and Moyer were arrested for printing a pamphlet which featured an American flag whose stripes had been "desecrated" by sundry lurid slogans regarding the state of conditions in Cripple Creek. Moyer was arrested for this crime in Ouray and given over to Sherman Bell. Haywood, wanting to stay out of the hands of the adjutant general, surrendered himself to the civil authorities in Denver. It was a smart move, for while Haywood was freed on bail and eventually cleared of the charge in civil court, Moyer was held until July 5 by the intransigent Bell.

The federation lingered in Cripple Creek, its strike weakened, its president jailed, its finances decimated, and those who remained loyal to the union struggled simply to keep themselves and their families alive. It was a losing battle, but still it was a battle. On the sixth of June 1904, the battle became a rout.

Shortly after 2:00 A.M. on the morning of June 6, twenty-seven nonunion miners came off the swing shift and stood huddled against the mountain cold in the depot of the Independence mine. Ten minutes later six of them were horribly mutilated and thirteen of them dead, "blown into unrecognizable masses of flesh and bone," according to one observer. One hundred fifty to two hundred pounds of dynamite had been placed beneath the platform of the depot and detonated by persons unknown.

County Sheriff Robertson immediately roped off the area, deputized a force of one hundred men, sent for bloodhounds, and ordered all saloons in the vicinity closed. Adjutant General Bell ordered troops to Cripple Creek as soon as word of the explosion reached him. The automatic assumption, of course, was that the explosion had been the work of the federation. An outraged crowd, gathering around the depot to view the grisly remains and largely composed of strikebreakers and the less savory elements of Cripple Creek society, soon took on the temperament of a mob.

Spokesmen for District Union #1 denied all federation complicity. "The fiends who planned and carried out the devilish crime," they stated, "should be detected and punished to the full need of the guilt. . . ." It was a cry no one heard.

In the first of many such moves, Sheriff Robertson was invited to appear before an ad hoc committee of mine owners and operators. Dangling a noose suggestively over his head, the committee demanded his immediate resignation. The sheriff complied. Edward Bell, of the Mine Owners and Operators Association, was appointed sheriff and the secretary of the Citizens Alliance the undersheriff. They promptly swore in more than one hundred new deputies. By afternoon most of the county and municipal officials sympathetic to the federation had been similarly deposed and replaced by appointees of the Citizens Alliance. (In Goldfield the result was replacement of the entire city government.)

Armed and roaming the streets, the crowd found focus for their anger in Victor. On a vacant lot at the corner

of Fourth Street and Victor Avenue, C. C. Hamlin and several antiunion people stood on a large transfer wagon to address the gathering multitude. Leslie Spell, a federation man, recalled:

> Directly across the street on Fourth and looking down over the lot was the union hall, a brick building with plastered interior. A pool hall occupied the downstairs. Upstairs were four offices facing the street.... About fifty of the union men, including myself, had climbed the stairs ... posting ourselves at the front windows where we could look down on over the crowd assembled below. Hamlin was gesticulating and speaking in such a manner as to incite the crowd's anger against union men. "Run 'em all out, all their lice and nits too!"

"Who are you going to run out?" a lone, foolhardy union man in the crowd shouted back.

"You, you son of a bitch, and all the rest of you!" someone replied. The union man waded into the name-caller and the ensuing confusion became general when shots rang out from the union hall—according to a Pinkerton detective in the employ of the Mine Owners Association:

> There is no doubt the attempt was made to kill C. C. Hamlin, and a bullet grazed his hand.... The militia ... was called out and soldiers placed on the roofs of buildings opposite the Miners Union Hall, on the Gold Coin shaft house, and on the Baltimore Hotel, in the rear of the hall. There was no request to surrender, but the soldiers were given command and began firing into the Miners Union Hall. After twenty minutes of continuous firing, the miners exhibited a white flag.... Forty-four men were made prisoners, four men were found wounded, and one miner was in a dying condition.

"I can truthfully say that never a shot was fired from the windows of the hall," Spell maintained as he described conditions in the union offices during the twenty-minute siege:

> ... it seemed to me the plaster of the walls fairly moved in on to us from the hail of bullets of the soldiers and the hundreds of strikebreakers.... Every window in the building was smashed and the front wall riddled with bullets. We all rushed to the center of the building, for shots from the militia stationed on the higher buildings were ranging downwards, with bullets from the men in the street ranging upwards ... we were caught between a crossfire...."

After being roughed up by the mob, the union men were turned over to the militia and marched to the bullpen in the Victor Armory, "guns pointing at our heads from every angle," Spell said. "The captain of the company walked backwards with his gun nudged against my stomach, cursing and saying: 'If you make one crooked move, I'll blow your guts out.' " Spell made no crooked moves and spent the rest of the night listening to the "yelling and shooting from the outside...."

By six-thirty that evening, the Pinkerton agent reported that

> there were one hundred and sixty union miners and sympathizers in the bullpen.... Squads of soldiers and citizens were busy bringing in union men, agitators, and sympathizers.... The city is in the hands of the militia and citizens, all of whom are armed. Every available citizen is acting as a deputy sheriff and is armed with revolver and rifle ... the streets are thronged with people....

On June 7 Governor Peabody once again declared Teller County to be "in a state of insurrection and rebellion," freeing Sherman Bell for a thorough cleanup operation. He ordered the closure of all saloons in the district; destroyed the inventory of union-operated stores; stipulated that all aid to the families of strikers be channeled through the office of the military provost-marshal; appointed a "Military Commission on Deportation"; and closed the unionized Portland mine for "employing and harboring large numbers of dangerous, lawless men," and threw them in the bullpen at Victor.

The combined efforts of Bell and the mob were brutally effective. So much so that the Victor *Record*, which had always been sympathetic to the union's cause, asked the federation to end the strike. "Call the strike off," the *Record* editorialized:

> ... faithful union miners are now in destitute circumstances. ... They are true-blue union men, and in the face of deprivation they have held out until they are forced to complain. The union stores of the district have been closed, and they have no way of securing provisions for their families.

Shortly afterward, the *Record*'s office was raided by eight men who destroyed the newspaper's type and presses. Their affiliations were never clearly determined.

Large groups of federation members were transported beyond Colorado's borders and dumped on the open prairie. "It is a military necessity," Bell explained. "They are men against whom crimes cannot be specified, but their presence is regarded as dangerous to law and order." There were apparently a lot of dangerous men in Cripple Creek. By July 26 when deportation ceased, some 238 of them had been hustled out of the state.

The federation's defeat was complete. Those who had not been deported or forced to renounce their membership in the union were held by the hundreds in the im-

Western History Association

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Subject: History of the Western Sugar Beet Industry
Chairman: Le Roy R. Hafen, Brigham Young University
Paper: Leonard J. Arrington, Utah State University
Commentators: Wayne D. Rasmussen, U.S. Department of Agriculture, and Gerald D. Nash, University of New Mexico

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LOS ANGELES COUNTY MUSEUM

Tomahawk in hand, a Kiowa brave, his squaw and children pose by their tipi near Fort Sill, Oklahoma, 1869. Photographs of Plains Indians "at home" in 1869 are remarkably unique.